

Vol. XIV

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1904.

No. 31.

**THE MIRROR**  
SAINT LOUIS



**A**  
**WEEKLY MAGAZINE**  
PRICE 5 CENTS.

# The Mirror



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## The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

St. Louis Day.

FIRST and foremost, let us make to-day, St. Louis day, the day of the Fair. St. Louis expects every man to do his duty in this regard, and a little more. It's up to us to show the world that we appreciate our own show, that we have faith in our own enterprise, and that we are heart and soul and body and mind and all our strength with the men who have made the Fair. Let us turn out and encourage the management with our approval. Let us unanimously squelch the knockers.



Unanswerable.

MR. ROOSEVELT's letter accepting the Republican nomination for President is unanswerable, save for quibbling. An affirmative answer to the questions propounded to the Democracy by Mr. Roosevelt would mean nothing less than turning back the wheels of progress, repudiating American achievement, and "laying down on" the country. Viewed in the pure light cast upon affairs by Mr. Roosevelt's able, direct, lucid, but alas! too dismally long, letter, the Democratic platform and programme are the utterances of an essential pusillanimity with regard to National development. There is nothing left to the Democracy, after perusing Roosevelt's letter, but to shuffle and evade. There is no answer to Roosevelt's letter but acceptance of its record of performance or a complete "back down" on every matter in which the United States have acted as becomes a great nation. The President's argument puts a quietus upon "little Americanism." Anything the Democratic candidate may say in his letter of acceptance will be to Roosevelt's assertion of our country's power and progress, "as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine." The Roosevelt acceptance puts the Democrats in a hole as completely as they were when, in 1864, they declared the war was a failure. They are now put in the position of declaring that our advancing nationalism is a mistake and a failure. The Democrats have not anything to say to Roosevelt that is worth saying. He has the record of things done, and well done. They have only criticism and complaint to offer. All that Democracy can say is that the history which Roosevelt and McKinley have made is bad history solely because Republicans made it, and yet, analyzing all Democratic slushmushgush, none can see wherein the Democrats promise to undo anything the Republicans have done. The Democrats have no positive programme. They haven't got a positive candidate. They are simply beating the air ridiculously, unknowing what they want other than the offices or "where they are at" on any governmental proposition. They hedge and dodge even in their opposition to accomplished facts and Republican policies. They promise absolutely nothing. They are only a disgruntled mob without any or-

ganized or organizing intelligence. They would be contemptible as a national party were their plight not so piteous.



The Resemblance.

At last the discovery has been made. What was it so strangely familiar in the features of Judge Alton B. Parker that so baffled and mystified us? Where had we seen that face before? To whom was that likeness which exasperated us by its refusal to be definitely located? The face which we all seem to have remembered when we have looked at the pictures of Judge Parker is the face of Douglas, the \$3 shoe man!



In Missouri.

THE MIRROR believes that if Missouri is to be held in the Democratic column this year, Mr. Folk will be alone responsible for it. The Missouri Democracy is terribly disorganized. There is no concert of action. There is no enthusiasm. There is no money. There is factional war in almost every Congressional, Representative and Senatorial district, county or city, down even to the townships and the wards. The old leaders are sulking. The new leaders are rattled. There's nothing to the party but Folk—absolutely nothing. The Republicans are getting together, and the Democrats who know the ropes are getting apart. The Democrats who, in the past, have organized victory, appear not to give "a tinker's damn" what happens at the polls, and the Democratic press is simply sodden with indifference. Folk will have to carry the State on his record alone. He isn't getting any help to amount to anything from the old gang, and the new crowd has not found out how or where to take hold of things. The Democrats stand a good chance of losing three, or maybe five Congressmen, and the State Legislature and a United States Senatorship. The National Democratic ticket in Missouri can't evoke a cheer. The junior United State Senator sulks more or less openly, and is more or less under a cloud. The administration of State affairs is spattered with mud from the Cardwell case, and the Meriwether depositions and numerous Grand Jury investigations. The people have been disgusted by stories of graft and boodle from "Brown's" "dignified sum" to the Speed-Cook-Lyons episode and the alum legislation. The Democracy is on the defense everywhere except as to Mr. Folk, and the exposed boodlers and grafters are trying to put Mr. Folk on the defensive by identifying him with themselves. The situation for all the Democracy aside from Mr. Folk grows more desperate daily, and nothing is being done to stop the deterioration of party prospects. There is nothing doing to work up party interest in any part of the State. The odds are four to one that the St. Louis city ticket will be beaten, because "the boys" are not looking after registration here, while the Republicans have the town already canvassed. The Democrats are using up all their energy in ward

fight. Unless something more is done than has been doing, the prospect is not impossible that Roosevelt and Folk will carry Missouri. The Democratic State ticket, outside of Folk, is in danger of defeat, and this danger is not diminished by the fact that in spite of all protests of loyalty the St. Louis organization will throw Folk in this city just as hard as it can. If Mr. Folk is wise, he will watch the St. Louisans who are protesting that they are with him against Boss Butler. Butler is in with many of the men who are in Folk's camp. Folk is being used by some of his supporters to help the ambitions of men who want to line up with Butler and then throw Folk.



#### *The American Woman's Chance.*

THE combination which has been formed by Parisian dressmakers to prevent American modistes copying in advance their fashion plates each season, should make every American woman who is interested in American ideals, declare war on the French drapers. The action of the Parisians is paramount to the charge that American dressmakers are lacking in originality, in fact, are not dressmakers, but mere imitators. Do the American women who are so jealous of the achievements of their sex intend to stand for this, and from a little body of men who have set themselves up as the arbiters of the women's fashions of the world, or will they tamely submit and let their modistes pay for the fashion plates? Of what use is the National Association of Dressmakers if it cannot check this pilgrimage to the Parisian shrine for styles? Here is a chance indeed for the American woman to increase her "batting average." Let her ignore the Parisian sartorial princes and create the American styles! Perhaps then, when the modiste's bills are smaller and a new American industry has thus been established, the American husband might condescend to extend the right of franchise and other privileges to woman.



#### *Let Him Loose.*

I DON'T like the Roosevelt, the Republican campaign managers are showing us. It isn't the real thing. Roosevelt isn't Roosevelt gagged into silence and bound into inaction. A suppressed Roosevelt is not the man the people like. As a tongue-tied candidate Mr. Roosevelt is out of his character. He has been so open, frank, honest, impulsive, ingenuous in the past that now his role of quietude is disappointing. The country doesn't like the idea of Mr. Roosevelt being an actor of a part for mere partisan advantage. The country sees in the silencing of Roosevelt a sort of admission that he needed silencing. The Republican campaign committee's Roosevelt is an attempt to play to the bogus "sane and safe" sentiment worked up for Parker. It is the same sort of a trick as that which gave us the announcement of Hill's retirement from politics. "Springs to catch woodcock." Roosevelt under the soft pedal is not what the people want. The fact that he is fallen in silence, just for campaign purposes, hurts rather than helps him. It carries with it a suggestion of trickery so utterly at variance with the Rooseveltian character. Teddy, as the spider crouched in his web and waiting for flies, is an abnormality, a monstrosity. Roosevelt emulating and imitating Parker's reticence is a Republican managerial blunder, because it is so palpably a fake. Roosevelt is popular for what he has been, and his popularity will not be increased by his being planted in a cosy corner and posing as a mamma's boy. If the Republican managers are wise, they will turn Roosevelt loose. If they continue to keep him

"dopey" with the idea that he must try to imitate Parker, they will destroy him, for the people will see that Roosevelt is willing to change his role for a personal advantage. Roosevelt as a dummy is an absurdity. Roosevelt as a man afraid of himself or anything else is impossible. The people don't want any imitation of Parker. One of him is dull and uninspiring enough for a whole national campaign. Gagging Roosevelt is a confession of weakness and an avoidance of the issue of personality. Roosevelt must run on his real personality or he will lose. He cannot win by submitting himself to the control of others who may think it well to induce him to try to be what he is not and was never intended to be.



#### *Lynching Up to Date.*

EVIDENCE still accumulates to show that the recent lynching of the two negroes in Georgia was the most brutal that has ever occurred South or North. The mockery of having soldiers with unloaded rifles guarding the unfortunate prisoners was bad enough, but the further fact that there was in the crowd a snap-shotter who made pictures of the two unfortunates in the various stages of the lynching for profit in publication, gives to this Southern festival the title of the "worst ever." It was a lynching brought up to date by the camera fiend.



#### *The Theater of War.*

NEWS from the theater of war in Manchuria has been somewhat meagre since the big battle of Liao Yang, but late reports indicate that the Japanese are still keeping in touch with the Russian army. Instead of the campaign being closed for the present there are indications that the two armies may clash at Tie Ling, a fortified and favorably situated city just north of Mukden. The severe strain under which both armies have been for several weeks compelled a cessation in activity for a few days at least. Of late the Russians seem to have decided upon the abandonment of Mukden and the silence of the Japanese, which has always been significant of an impending or developing blow, has led to the belief that they will again endeavor to corner the Russian force by working around it. A big attack on Port Arthur is also expected, as the Japs are eager to secure the release of the besieging army for the furtherance of operations against the other Russian force. From now on the Japanese may have their hands full, especially if they are not immediately successful against Port Arthur. The reported appearance of Gen. Linvitch with 50,000 Russians on the line of Gen. Kuroki's communications seems to signify that the Czar's army, or part of it, is about to take the offensive, and by strategic disposition of mobile forces, compel the dispersion of the Japanese forces now threatening the army under Gen. Kuropatkin. The Baltic fleet, to which Russians are pinning some hope, has made little progress in its cruise toward Chinese waters, and military experts do not think it will cut much of a figure in the situation. As matters stand, the Japanese still hold a strong upper hand, but they are getting further away from their base.



#### *Miffed War Correspondents.*

THE war correspondents seem to have formed a round robin against the Japanese in Manchuria, and they are now stultifying themselves in the public print by trying to make it appear that the Japanese are not as shrewd in war, as these same correspondents have all along said they were. The correspondents are miffed because the Japanese commander restrained them from going to the front when engage-

ments were on, and they have set out to show their folly and seek revenge by trying to belittle the work of the Japs. It would be laughable, if it were not so serious a subject, the way these representatives of the press have sought to make it appear that the Russian rout was a great victory for Gen. Kuropatkin. It seems strange that the newspapers should print such tommyrot. But the end of it is not yet. Richard Harding Davis, who packed up his doll rags and "pulled his freight" because the Japs would not let him nearer to a battle than eight miles, is on the way home, and he may be expected to give the Mikado and every one of his men a terrific lacing with his pen. It is really too bad that the Japanese generals do not turn over their commands to the great journalistic strategists! It may cost them many a newspaper boost, even though it does enable them to keep the Russians on the run.



#### *Pickles and Politics.*

HEINZE, the pickle man—he of the fifty-seven varieties—has gone over, bag and baggage, to the Prohibitionists, and before long we may hear the rumble of guns in the army of brewers and distillers, who are expected to make war on him. Hr. Heinze has donated the sum of \$10,000 to the campaign fund of the Prohibition party, headed by the Reverend Dr. Swallow, candidate for President, and some of the leading exponents of other parties are now trying to put Mr. Heinze's "fifty-seven varieties" on the top shelf, if possible, by analyzing the liquid preservatives and in various other ways. From all accounts, Mr. Heinze is a bad politician. His fearless political announcement gives strong emphasis to the axiom that business and politics, even Prohibition politics, do not mix. Who is it that consumes the greater part of the Heinze output? Surely it isn't the exceedingly small Prohibition party. Moreover, where are pickles of all kinds sold? Grocers are the principal handlers of this class of goods, and, as in St. Louis, grocery stores throughout the United States are generally adjuncts of a saloon or vice versa. It is pretty safe to say that from now on the Heinze pickles will get fifty-seven kinds of knocks in every grocery and saloon in the land, and before long Mr. Heinze may wish he had subscribed for an interest in the subway bar in New York.



#### *The Professional Suit-Filer.*

TEXAS and her people have begun war on the professional damage suit vender, the new get-rich-quick man, who makes a mark of the railroads, especially. The crusade has spread throughout the entire State, and nearly every shipper of goods has become allied with the movement. It has been found that the professional claim-seeker is quite numerous and it has been ascertained that the interest or indifference of a transportation company in a community's future is to a considerable extent governed by the number of his species in existence. Railroads cannot afford to be bilked out of large sums of money any more than individuals, and corporations, like individuals, may be prone sometimes to recoup their losses in this line by the method that most quickly suggests itself. Shippers in the Lone Star State almost admit that freight rates would not be so high in some localities, many, in fact, if it were not for the activity of the individuals with a spurious claim and an unrelenting and unprincipled attorney. It seems that Texas, in this matter, has uncovered a practice which has been in vogue for years in many States and the seriousness of which has never appeared to the average citizen. St. Louis knows well the ambulance chasing lawyer, the litigant doctor and the fake victim of steam and electric railroads, but the people have never looked after the



results as have the Texans. It is a greater commercial obstacle than it appears to be, this constant willingness to sue corporations, and like Texas, every other State should begin a crusade against it. When corporations are treated with more consideration, there is some chance for the amelioration of many troubles that now seem to beset the masses.



## Mr. Donnelly.

Now that the great meat strike is over, the workman may well ponder the question whether it is wise for him to quit work at the behest of a boss like Donnelly without any assurance that he will be sent back to work when the boss has made his own private arrangements with the employer of labor. The meat strike won nothing for the men. Leader Donnelly, looking back at the history of the trouble, appears to have officiated in the matter as much in the interest of the capitalists as of the laborers. There was as little excuse for ending the strike as for beginning it. Mr. Donnelly appears to have acted, consciously or unconsciously, more in the interest of the meat trust than in the interest of his own following. The strike was a failure. Significantly, the meat magnates seemed to trust Donnelly as much as he was trusted by the union men. The strike ends with the strikers worse off than when it began. The strikers suffered. The public suffered. The packers got rid of all their surplus supplies at increased profits. Donnelly has not suffered in the least. The packer magnates spoke highly of him. If Mr. Donnelly had designed to spring the strike just when he did in the interest of the magnates, and to stop it just when he did, Mr. Donnelly would have "made a good thing," but it is unkind to suspect Mr. Donnelly. And yet Mr. Donnelly is not so bad off as some thousands of men who followed his advice and struck. He still has his job—and how much more, or what more, who dares say?



## The Veiled Prophet Queen.

THE MIRROR takes cognizance of a rumor that Miss Alice Roosevelt is to be the Queen of the Veiled Prophets' Ball next month, and that Mrs. Alton Brooks Parker is to be chief of the matrons of honor upon that occasion. The rumor is interesting, but the Veiled Prophets is a local organization, and whatever honors it may have to bestow should be given to St. Louis maids and matrons, even if this is the World's Fair year. The Veiled Prophets' ball and pageant are supported by about \$40,000 annually of St. Louis money, and the distinctions the organization may have within its gift should go to the wives and daughters and sisters of its membership. It might be well to invite Miss Roosevelt and Mrs. Parker to the ball and to show them especial honors of some sort, but it would be very bad taste to make either or both of the ladies to whom reference has been made the feature of a function purely local in its character. The world at large may be the city's guests, but for twenty-six years the honors in the gift of the Veiled Prophets have been given to St. Louis maids and matrons and there is no reason why any departure from custom should now be made. The Veiled Prophet is a special patron of St. Louis and in the year of the city's greatest distinction it is only fitting that he should more earnestly than ever insist upon the bestowal of his favor upon those of its daughters who may merit his attention. The Veiled Prophets ball is a local affair and not a national event. It has for more than a quarter of a century been free of all political or other complications, and it is too late now for any element within the mystic organization to endeavor to set aside the precedents which have been established. The queen of love

and beauty must be a St. Louis girl. This is the year in which, if ever, the honor is worth something and that honor must not go to an outsider. Miss Roosevelt is a charming young lady and Mrs. Parker is a most estimable matron. They are both, without question, welcome to the great ball, but the honors that might be conferred upon either one of them, in accordance with the rumor to which I refer, would be meaningless because without justification in the circumstances. The Veiled Prophets is a local institution. It existed before the World's Fair and will continue its career afterwards. Its purposes, such as they are, are of local interest and those purposes would not be furthered by any departure from custom, which might easily take on the aspect of sycophancy to institutions or conditions foreign, in a way, to the circumstances in which the Veiled Prophets organization has flourished for so long. The MIRROR believes that if the Veiled Prophets have any honors to give they should be given to St. Louis maids and matrons. That's all.



## Mr. Van Alen.

MR. JAMES VAN ALEN of Newport announces his intention of quitting the United States and taking up his residence in England. He has said that the United States is no fit place for a gentleman to live. Many newspapers denounce Mr. Van Alen. Denunciation is not in order. Mr. Van Alen is entitled to his opinion. If he wishes to live in England and to give up his United States citizenship, that is his personal affair. He may not have been an ideal citizen of this country, but maybe he did his best. His one sole and only act of distinction was his contribution to the Democratic campaign fund nine years ago, and that was spoiled when Grover Cleveland, in recognition of his contribution, deigned to reward him with a foreign mission. The storm of protest against the appointment of an Anglomaniac snob to any governmental honor caused Grover Cleveland to withdraw his favor and was, by the way, the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's decline in popularity. Mr. Van Alen is a millionaire, a member of the Astor family. He has never done anything worthy of the notice of his fellow-countrymen. His name has been mixed up in several weird scandals and his attempts to coerce his daughters into marriages in accordance with his continental ideas have been prolific in minor sensations and in tragedies. Mr. Van Alen would not be a loss to any country, and by the same token his rendering allegiance to any country, would not be a matter of pride to the recipients of his professions and declarations. If he likes England, let him live there. If he doesn't like the United States, it may at least be said that the United States disliked him first and refused to permit him to represent it in any way. Mr. Van Alen may be happier in England than he ever was in America, and then he may not. There is no place in the world where there is less welcome than in England for the snob and the pretender and the bounder. Mr. Van Alen's relative, Mr. Waldorf Astor, has tried to make a hit in England, but has failed. Mr. Astor has more money and brains than Mr. Van Alen was ever suspected of having and the chances are that Mr. Van Alen will be a greater failure in England than he has been in the land of his birth. The more people in America who feel as Mr. Van Alen feels, and act as he contemplates acting, the better it will be for this country. There is no reason why Americans should become angry over such desertions. Probably the biggest American who ever took up British citizenship, after discarding his Americanism, was Judah P. Benjamin. He made a great legal success in London. But he never was happy and he died, in despite of wealth and

honors, "a man without a country." Mr. Van Alen is a mere creation of money. He has no abilities whatever. England will not pay any attention to him as a new citizen, and there is no reason why the United States should regard his desertion as anything more than the freak of a person who could not even maintain with poise and grace a position in Newport's Four Hundred. Mr. Van Alen is not even a symptom of Anglomania. He is a soured egotist who will be unhappy everywhere.



## Parker the Statesman.

How about this? Wasn't Judge Parker a big man in New York during the days of the Judge Maynard scandal? Did he appear as one who repudiated that infamy? Judge Parker praises Cleveland to the skies. What and where was Parker when Hill planned the snap convention that sent an anti-Cleveland delegation to Chicago in 1892? When has Parker been anything but a machine man in New York politics? Where has he ever manifested any individuality or independence of the elements that fix and carry things by hook or by crook? He has long been a judge. Did he hold the place by eminent legal ability? He did not. He has always been the creature of the Hill machine. He has never been a personality independent of the gang he trained with. He has nothing to show in his record except that he knew how to find and to hold good jobs. He has been during all his career the creature of the fixers and the caucus managers. He has never been a people's candidate. He has sneaked into office without ever showing his hand and without ever a real contestant for popular suffrage against him. The people of New York know as little about Parker as do the people of the rest of the country. He has been "handed to them" by Hill and he has never done anything in all his career that has demonstrated his possession of an independent intellect or personal initiative. Even now the people of New York know nothing about him or about any decision he ever rendered. He has been before the people as a Presidential candidate since early in July and there has not been given to the public a single proof that he is more than a very ordinary lawyer. Parker is "small potatoes" and the best proof that he is so is to be found in his wooden public addresses wherein he displays neither depth of learning nor breadth of vision, nor grasp of issues. He has not yet said one thing that sticks in the popular mind. He has talked over the surface of things, never touching essentials. He is the most fat-headed candidate for the Presidency the country has ever known. He can talk longer and say less even than Charles W. Knapp of St. Louis who last week distinguished himself by a lumpy-jawed address at Esopus that was the sublimation of all that was insincere and sophomoric in politics. Mr. Knapp is a master of otiose flubdub, but Judge Parker's thinking seems to be done in a medium about as elastic as putty.



## American Women.

AN English writer in the *Fortnightly* has discovered that in the process of evolution the American woman is going a pace which means the annihilation of love as a factor in life. The Englishman thinks the American woman is selfish and heartless. Perhaps she is, but the fact is that nowhere else in Christendom does the woman of education, of refinement, of all the higher qualities and opportunities marry for love as does the American woman. The American woman may be breezy, self-conscious, insistent upon her individualism, but she is at the same time very much a woman and ruled by her heart in spite

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of even the most extreme advancement. The American woman is as loving as any of her civilized sisters and she is helpful to the man she loves. She is not the slave of her husband, because she is his goddess, but she is the person to whom the husband turns in his direst trouble with the certainty that he will find not only sympathy but sensible suggestion for his extrication from difficulty. American women are not the annihilators of love. If they seem to like display, if they seem to assert their individuality it is only that they may aggrandize the importance of the men to whom they are attached or related. She American woman, for all her insistence upon her right to be herself, is at the same time her husband's friend, comforter and lover, and if it be true that in her nature lie the germs for the annihilation of love, how is it that nowhere in the world do women receive such tribute of respect, reverence and affection as women receive in America. Annihilation of love, forsooth! Look at the American family and then at the English family. The latter is declining in size. The former keeps up a high numerical average. This, after all, is the final test. The woman who will submit to child-bearing in spite of the individuality developed by such freedom as American women have, is the woman who is to save the world from the

annihilation of love as a factor in life. The American woman as all will admit is loveable. She would not be so were she not loving. The American woman is not "losing her muliebrity." She is still the queen among her sisters. She is the more womanly for her untrammelledness, for her individuality. Long may she flourish. And so long as she flourishes love will continue to make the world go round.



### Vermont's Election.

VERMONT, which has been regarded by Republicans for many years as the political pulse of the nation, showed by the election last week that it is still in the Republican column. This is accepted as a good indication of the success the Republican ticket will have in November. A majority of more than 30,000, greater than was anticipated, was rolled up for the entire ticket, and even the workingmen, who were supposed to be unfriendly to President Roosevelt, cast their votes for the Republicans. The Republicans will now look ahead to larger majorities throughout the regular Republican States. And now Maine has "gone hell bent" for the Republicans. It begins to look as if Parker might carry the Solid South.

most difficult and complicated job existing, that of being a wife, on the fallacious assumption that a knowledge of how to manage a man, and make him happy and comfortable, comes to a woman by inspiration, and not through preparation.

When the average girl marries she does not even know how to make a man physically comfortable, and yet, unromantic as this may seem, the very foundations of domestic happiness have to be laid in bodily ease. Nobody can be sentimental on an empty stomach, and bad cooking will kill the tenderest affection in time. Love is choked to death on rough steak as well as slain by unfaithfulness, and many a young husband's illusions about his bride have been drowned in watery soup. The first inkling that young Benedict gets that his Angelina is not all that his fondest fancy painted her, and that he has missed his affinity, is when he has to sit down to ill-cooked and ill-served meals; and you may be sure that if there were no bad dinner-tables, there would be precious few men wandering away from home.

All of this seems very material and sordid to a woman, but it is very important, nevertheless. When a man marries, he marries for a home. Out in the world every day he has all that he can endure, and when night comes it finds him with wrecked nerves, and a spent body that longs for some quiet place where he can be at peace and rest. It is the woman's part of the marriage partnership to supply this, and unless she does, she has defaulted on her contract, and she deserves to be posted as an imposter who has got goods on false pretenses. If every girl who married were a good free-hand cook, fewer wives would have to go into liquidation in love.

Lack of companionableness is another reason why so many women fail as wives. There is not one woman in a thousand who knows how to chum with her husband, and enter into the things he wants to do. The other nine hundred and ninety-nine seem to think that matrimony is a reformatory, and that it is their sacred duty to keep their husbands from enjoying themselves. The average wife never has such a self-righteous feeling that she is doing her full duty by her husband as when she is interfering with his pleasure, or trying to change his habits. It is this spirit, and not the fear that her husband will acquire the tobacco heart, or become a drunkard, that makes a woman object to her husband's glass of Scotch, or pipe, or an evening. Yet it is an open question if it isn't better to let a man smoke and drink himself to death in peace than it is to nag him into the grave.

In one of the vaudeville jokes of last season a man announces that he is going to Paris. "Are you going to take your wife with you?" asks a friend. "Would you take a ham sandwich to a banquet?" replies the man. And it is only too true that when a man does take his wife along with him when he goes out to enjoy himself, her attitude is that of a homely, prosaic, unimaginative ham sandwich. She doesn't become enthusiastic. She doesn't sparkle. She doesn't thrill and radiate. Should they go to the theatre, she interrupts the brightest witticism of the comedian to wonder gloomily if the cat is in the pantry, or the house has caught fire. If he takes her out to supper and orders champagne and lobster, she reproves him for his extravagance, and reminds him that lobster is bad for his digestion. As a wet blanket on a convivial occasion a wife is generally a howling success, but as a boon companion she is a rank failure, and yet the man married her for the pleasure of her society.

## Why Women Fail as Wives

By Elizabeth M. Gilmer

THE one thing that no woman ever doubts her ability to be is a perfect wife.

When she contemplates matrimony she knows that it is full of difficulties and dangers, but one of the dangers that she never apprehends is any difficulty in being a model wife. Of course she sees that other women have failed, and fallen short of the ideal domestic angel, but she takes no warning from their fate. She no more fears that she could get like the married women who have become dowdy and slouchy in appearance, who have lost the ineffable charm that comes from a woman trying to please, and who nag and fret at their husbands, than she could become like the disgusting drunken hag who begs on the street, or the murderess behind the bars of a prison.

She sees herself like the scriptural dame whose price was above rubies, always attractively gowned, welcoming her husband home with a sweet smile to a perfectly appointed dinner. She pictures herself always amiable, serene and competent, managing a home that runs along as smoothly as if it were on greased skids; and it is only after she is tired and worn with wrestling with incompetent servants, and reeking babies, and a husband whose temper is like a train of fireworks, that she realizes that she has fallen into the ordinary, querulous, uninteresting, spatty sort of wife—one of the also-marrieds of matrimony—and that the wife she is, and the wife she meant to be, are as far apart as the poles.

Yet she loves her husband. She desires to make him happy. Her sins against him are not of intention, and it is one of the most terrible thoughts in the world that many a wife who would die for her husband makes him wish himself dead every day of his life. This does not mean that she is a bad woman.

Some of the best women on earth are the worst wives, and one of the greatest problems of civilization is to find why so many wives who start out with such a capital of affection and good resolutions, and such confidence of success, so soon come to bankruptcy.

For women to succeed as wives, means that they retain their husband's love to the end. It means that they make their husbands happy. It means that they make their homes so pleasant that their husbands turn to them as to earthly paradises. It means that as the years go by husband and wife grow into a closer companionship and oneness. How often does this happen? Look at the records of our divorce courts. Read the columns of advice in the papers to women about how to retain a husband's love. Think of the number of couples you know between whom the marriage bond has degenerated into nothing but a ball and chain that you can hear clank as they walk. Recall the nasty little jabs that the average husband and wife are always giving each other, and that seem to be the staple of connubial conversation. The conclusion is irresistible. The majority of women do fail as wives.

Why is this?

The first reason why women fail as wives is because marriage has never yet been esteemed one of the learned professions, which only a highly qualified individual is fit to practice. On the contrary, it is held to be a kind of jack-leg trade that any girl can pick up at a minute's notice, and carry on successfully without the slightest previous knowledge or training. No girl would be conceited enough to think that she could practice medicine or law or dentistry without devoting years to its study. She wouldn't even dream of hiring out as a stenographer without first learning how to make pot-hooks, but she blithely tackles the



Then there are the children. Whatever degree of companionship did exist between husband and wife during the honeymoon generally gets it quietus from the first baby. Before that the man had been king of the household, the one whose tastes and pleasures and amusements were considered first. His wife dressed for dinner, and devoted her evenings to entertaining him. After the baby's arrival, the husband simply exists henceforth to supply baby's wants. The young mother doesn't dress, because baby pulls at her ribbons and laces. She doesn't spend the evenings with her husband, because baby has to be rocked to sleep. The only topic of interest to her is sterilized baby-food, and she is relieved, and not sorry, when her husband takes to going out of evenings to amuse himself, because in her desire to be a good mother she has forgotten what a very poor wife she has become.

Women do some queer figuring sometimes, but they never make quite so big an error in their calculations as when they decide that a baby is worth more than a husband. Whenever a man takes to calling his wife "mother," it is an indictment of her as a failure as a wife. It means that she has passed him up in favor of his children.

Lack of cheerfulness is still another reason why women fail as wives. Heaven knows why women consider it a merit to be melancholy, but they do. They take life seriously, and borrow trouble at compound interest. They save up all the little worries of the day, and when their husbands come home they regale them with a story of how the cook has given warning, and the children broken the window, and the plumbing has sprung a leak, and the bills are out of reason. It makes a dark-blue home atmosphere, so thick with gloom that you could cut it with a knife; and yet women wonder that a tired man, with troubles of his own, wants to get away from it.

The French have a proverb which says that the woman who laughs, wins; and certainly no other charm is more potent to attract men than good-natured mirth. We see this illustrated in the fact that it is men and not women that buy humorous books and the comic papers, and support gay musical extravaganzas and rollicking farces; and yet in the length and breadth of our acquaintance there are not six men who can put their key in a latch of the front door secure that the first sound which they hear is a wholesome, jolly laugh, and that at dinner they will be entertained with a recital of all the amusing incidents of the day, and not with its mishaps.

Women fail as wives because they lack appreciation. Wives complain instead of giving thanks. They grumble because they haven't got automobiles, in place of being grateful that they have somebody to furnish their car-fare. They weep because they can't go to Europe, when they ought to be beaming with joy because they have a home to stay in. Now, a man doesn't want his wife to get out a brass band and a torchlight procession to celebrate his virtue in supporting his family, but he does like to feel that his toil and his efforts are appreciated, and that his sacrifices are not made in vain. After a man has worked like a slave from morning until night, year after year, for his board and clothes—and that's about all the average man gets out of what his wife leaves of his income—it must be pretty hard lines to feel that all the thanks he receives are whines and reproaches because he doesn't make more.

Women fail as wives because they never learn from experience. Ordinarily we should say that the person who ran twice into the same stone wall was a fool, but a woman will go pig-headedly pounding her-

self and bruising herself against the same old wall from the day she is married until she celebrates her golden wedding, when all the time there was a nice, safe, easy way around the obstruction. There are certain subjects of conversation, as every wife knows, that act on her husband like a red rag on a mad bull. Every husband has certain prejudices that, trod upon, raise a howl that you can hear from Dan to Beersheba. Every husband has certain little whims that to interfere with is as good for a family row as a nickel is for a ginger-cake, but does a wife's exhaustive knowledge of what is sure to happen cause her to keep off the grass of her husband's peculiarities? Not at all. She precipitates the deluge, and then complains because she gets wet.

Women fail as wives because they do not take the trouble to jolly their husbands along. Before she marries, a woman treats a man as if he were a little tin god. After marriage, she only too often treats him as if he were a packhorse. Before marriage, she flattered him. After marriage, she criticizes him.

Before marriage, she angled for him with honeyed words; but as soon as she is married, she throws away her bait. This is a fatal error. A man's appetite for flattery never wanes. He is just as anxious to be told how handsome and strong and wise and brave he is at seventy as he was at twenty-seven, and anywhere between the cradle and the grave he is amenable to the woman who jollies him along, and may be led where she will, but he can't be driven.

Finally, lastly, and mostly, women fail as wives because they are too lazy to keep the love they have won, and to make the man happy who is devoting his life to making them comfortable. To be a good wife is not an easy task. It is one of the most strenuous undertakings on earth. It requires labor and care and skill and tact and unselfishness, but that is the kind of service a woman agrees to give when she gets married. If she doesn't like the price, she can stay single.

But, after all, it is worth it, for a husband is a handy thing to have around the house.

## Do Society Girls Swear?

By Marcia McQueen

DO society girls swear? That is a question which appears to be very irreverent but I am informed that the true answer thereto would be a most emphatic affirmative. It is asserted that while many of the local belles are horrified at the fact that some of their number smoke cigarettes and that others regale themselves quite gaily with cocktails, punches and decoctions of rum and milk, there are many very charming girls who can swear like the traditional trooper in Flanders.

I was talking the other day with a lady who has been in society more or less in St. Louis for thirty-five years. She is a widow, and she has abundant means. She goes everywhere and hears everything. While she may not be popular with matrons who dread her sharp tongue and her marvelous memory, she has been for a long time popular with the girls who enjoy her somewhat cynical worldliness and her gallic manner of telling those little stories which, for the world, they would not have the men believe they ever heard.

The elderly lady said: "I don't know what is coming over the girls in society. I've read and seen a good deal of their drinking, but somehow their drinking does not shock me as much as their habit of swearing upon the slightest provocation. I've been with a bevy of them in the room of one of them and their conversation positively appalled me. Their chatter was punctuated with oaths and with a frequency that I thought was characteristic only of saloon loafers. Now, I don't mind a little cuss word myself when things go wrong or when people are exasperatingly stupid, but I am an old woman and I can handle the privilege of cussing with discretion. It seems to me that girls, however, have fallen into the habit of swearing unnecessarily. They throw their oaths in anywhere and everywhere, and they seem to think that it is very up-to-date. They swear not to relieve their feelings, or to fill up gaps in their thought, but just to be swearing, and it is nauseating beyond description. If a pretty girl should

say 'damn' when she burned her head or finger with a curling iron, or stuck herself with a pin, I should say it was only natural and indeed just a little piquant, but I use the word swearing to cover a lot of disgustingly coarse expressions the character of which is associated in my mind with the vilest men and women. I've heard a puzzled girl say 'oh, hell,' without being shocked very much, although seeming to be, but my gorge rises when they, for no reason but fascination with the corruption, indulge in filthy and obscene expletives and characterizations of people they don't like. It is true that such extravagant indecency of speech goes with a certain innocence, for really bad women and girls, I have found, are very guarded and demure, but the thought comes to me that, if they know not what they say, they cannot long remain in innocent ignorance of the suggestions attaching to their carelessly and causelessly bandied epithets and expletives. I say that the talk of a great many girls is enough to make one wonder what has become of the ideal of purity of mind with which men have beguiled themselves for so long. I know that if the worst old rounder in town could hear some of the talks I've heard, he would think for a moment that he would prefer more degraded society for his own mental cleanliness. I have read some letters from girls of good families and of years from seventeen to twenty, that for sheer riot of indecency and vulgarity would surpass any missives that pass between females in the jail and their incarcerated associates. I have seen some letters that were written in convents and private schools that, had I not known the authors, I would have said had been found in what are called the bad lands. I've often said there's nothing so fine as innocence at a certain stage, and I have been staggered by the theoretical familiarity of debutantes with subjects their mothers and grandmothers never heard of in all their days. I knew of one young woman who, being very well acquainted with a young man, engaged to him, in fact, gave him recently a letter she had received from a summer resort. He read the letter through

and, returned it to the woman with such an expression that she said: 'You evidently don't think it clever.' He was not a Sunday-school youth by any means, but he said: 'You want my opinion?' She replied, she did. 'Well,' he said, 'if I didn't know the person to whom it was written I should say it came from a—and he stopped short of a word which may easily be imagined. The reply led to his being bowed out, but the letter was shown to me two days later and my opinion was asked. I said, 'the young man was right,' for the letter was not only profane, but vulgar, with a coarseness of view that really you could not think of as being related in any way to a girl brought up as a lady. The young man has been taken back into the good graces of the girl, and she tells me he said to her that the letter contained things which it hurt him to think she had ever known. When girls will write such things as that, you can imagine what they might say in conversation among themselves. I know that they have often been surprised at my disapproval of some of their speech on the theory that I talk pretty freely myself, but I tell them that there is a vast difference between a "soup-con" of salacity that comes from experience of life and a storm of broad oaths and a deluge of conversational muck. You ought to say something about it in the MIRROR."

And I reproduce here her little lecture that grew out of my innocent question, "Do Society Girls Swear?" Her picture is certainly startling enough to give the fathers and mothers of girls "food for reflection."



### HER FIRST REQUEST FOR MONEY

HOW a woman feels when she first asks her husband for money is the pregnant theme of discussion by a writer in the *Sun*. He imagines a hypothetical case. "Olicia," he says, "married to Alexander, is a fine, sensible girl, with an idea of her duty. They do not enjoy a large income. He is probably an employe or runs a small and precarious business. They are fond of each other and devoted to material interests as moderately as is necessary. They are not mercenary enough to be very thrifty, nor pleasure-loving enough to be very extravagant. Alexander forgets to provide a sum for the outside expenses. So some fine morning Olivia hurries to get ready for the ride down town. She will go down with him on the car, just for company. She is quite sincere. How much of this early plan is due to her dislike of asking him for money? Until the last moment he did not think of it. Perhaps he will while they are on the car. But he has his paper. As they reach a station where she might get off for shopping she has to linger and she decides to go a station or two more. There are plenty of big stores to choose from. She is a little nervous. Why does she hate so to ask him? Two stations more and she is almost in a panic. No, she will go on. He does not even think to ask her how far she is going. They exchange pleasant little words now and then. She decides to go as far as he does. This will bring her to the most down-town of all the stores. She can easily go back or walk across town. They get off and the block or two he must walk Olivia accompanies him. It is really foolish, she thinks, that now, when she has been married a year, she should still have this fear. In fact, it seems to be increasing. At last she makes the plunge. 'Oh how much do you want?' asks Alexander. She answers, not knowing what can be

spared. Her list of household necessities has been growing for a month. She could spend fifty dollars as well as ten toward keeping up the little flat. Things do grow shabby, in spite of care. Or she could spend five dollars in a very careful manner to remedy the most immediate wants. He was not disagreeable, and when she saw him take a roll of bills out of his pocket she felt all at once a sort of glow. This lasted but a second. Then as he sorted out a couple, selecting them to hand to her, she shrank. She hated him through the coarseness of the money. When Olivia took them into her hand she felt like dropping them on the pavement, but she mastered herself. She took account of a slight diffidence in his manner, and it touched her. They turned the corner, and he walked by her side an extra block. She felt a sudden physical weakness. The need of being in some way agree-

able to him showed her the gratitude which she ought to feel. But her sense of justice revolted against this, as it had against the shame she had felt before at having taken his money. Alexander, in his turn, was unconscious of even the possibility of this kind of thought. He had felt a certain dull tenderness when he handed the sum to her. Then, as when a man pays out a sum, a gap remains, he fell to repairing this physical gap, mentally. He began to calculate if certain sums would be coming to him this week or next. He forgot all about his wife's little matters. His thoughts roamed to slightly larger pecuniary considerations. He would have been offended if any one had said to him that no matter how kind a man is to a woman, there is one thing he never does constitutionally—put himself in her place. It is thus that Alexander buys Olivia's independence."

## Bill's in Trouble

By An Orphan

I 'VE got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,  
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast  
To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly planned  
Should wander from the path o' right an' come to such an end!  
I tol' him when he left us only three short years ago  
He'd find himself a-ploughin' in a mighty crooked row,  
He'd miss his father's counsels and his mother's prayers, too;  
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.

I know that's big temptation fur a youngster in the West,  
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist,  
An' when he left I warned him of the everwaitin' snares  
That lie like hidden sarpints in life's pathway everywhere;

But Bill he promised faithful to be keeful, an' allowed  
He'd build up a reputation that 'd make us mighty proud.  
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind,  
An' 'now he's got in trouble of the very wustest kind!  
His letters come so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed  
That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky road.  
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame  
An' in the dust 'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name.  
He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short:  
I jess can't tell his mother—it'll crush her poor ol' heart!  
An' as I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—  
Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur!

From the Irrigator.

## The Marriage of the

### Wise Man and the Fool

THERE were once two men, one a Wise Man, the other a Fool. They were both young at the time our story begins, and might have outgrown their respective afflictions, but they didn't, or this never would have been written.

Now the Wise Man had a Thinking Apparatus which was very fine, indeed. He knew the difference between a poor man and a gentleman. But his best claim to wisdom lay in another direction.

As he looked about upon the world of men around him he was saddened to observe universal lack of

Proper Prudence and Economy in just the place where it would do the most Good. He saw his unfortunate fellow men rushing blindly into the toils of Matrimony, unprepared with the necessary supply of Monetary Lubricant to oil the Wheels of the Domestic Economy, and he deeply deplored the Terrible Fact and resolved to do otherwise himself.

"Not so shall I do," he resolved. "Love in a Cottage may have its Charms from a Poetical Standpoint, but I want none of it in Mine. If I must remain Poor, I am at least Brave and Noble enough to bear poverty alone, rather than that She upon



whom I would bestow my Heart and Hand should Suffer with me.

"Others may thus madly tempt Fate, but not I! I will Labor and Save, and in Due Time, when I have amassed a competency of a few thousand dollars as a Prudent Protection against the Storms of Adversity which are bound to sweep over the Sea of Matrimonial Felicity, and have besides procured and paid for a suitable Home, I will look around for a Wife, and having found one to my liking, will Settle Down to enjoyment of a well earned Domestic Tranquility, secure in the knowledge that all has been done Prudently and Wisely, and free from the dangers of Financial Perplexity and Monetary Embarrassment."

So the Wise Man planned his life and went to work, and all things came out as he had planned, as we shall see.

Now the course of the Fool was entirely different, as was to be expected. About the time our friend the Wise Man reached his Admirable Decision, the Fool got the idea that he was in love with a certain Young Thing who happened to have as little Sense as himself, and, rushing in where angels, as we are told, are not allowed to tread, they got married, took a trolley ride for a honeymoon trip, and settled down in a three room flat on an income of \$10 per.

Years rolled by and one day the Fool and the Wise Man, who had known each other when they were both poor boys starting in life together, met on the streets of a great city. The Wise Man, as usual, looked prosperous and happy.

"Ah, my old Friend," said the Fool, "you are looking well and happy to-day."

"Yes," replied the Wise Man, "I am indeed happy, and well I may be. I Wisely Determined, many years ago, not to marry until I had sufficient capital to Embark upon the Voyage of Matrimony in Proper Style. I have succeeded! My hopes are now about to be realized. To-morrow will be my Wedding Day! Congratulate me!"

"With all my heart, old man," exclaimed the Fool. "Come, jump into my automobile, it is right around the corner, and we will hie us to some convenient hostelry and fittingly celebrate the Happy Consummation of your Hopes and Toils."

"Nothing would suit me better and I thank you most heartily," replied the Wise Man, "but I am a busy man, and my time is limited. I must hurry even now to keep an appointment. My business requires my Undivided Attention from 8 in the morning until 10 at night, and it will be necessary for me to limit my honeymoon trip to one week on account of the Numerous Interests which require my presence in Town. But how has the World used you, my dear Friend? What business are you engaged in?"

"Oh," said the Fool, "the last job I had was on the railroad, but I gave that up five years ago when my daughter Mary married young Chumpley, the son of old Chumpley, the millionaire sardine packer. My son John made me a present of that auto last Christmas."

"He has made quite a bit of money with a little Patented Device of his for rendering fire extinguishers harmless. It takes like anything among Business Men."

"Henry is doing pretty well, too. He's running a Correspondence School of politics, law and theology, and doing fine for a boy of his age, he being only 19."

"Well, old man, sorry you have to hurry away so. I never hurry myself. It doesn't agree with me, and I don't believe in it."

"Come out and pay us a visit, yourself and the

missis, when you get back from your honeymoon. We have a little cottage at Narragansett, next to the Chumpleys' place. John will send the yacht down for you any Saturday afternoon you let him know you will be coming. Well, so-long and good luck to you."

"And so they parted, the Wise Man in a great hurry, for he was a very Busy Man; while the Fool

climbed leisurely into his auto and directed his chauffeur to drive him to the Swellest Hotel in the city.

"And you can take your time, my boy," said he. "Forty miles an hour is fast enough on these crowded streets, as I'm in no haste at all."

Moral: A Special Providence watches over the Fool, but the Wise Man must Scratch for Himself.

## The Little Girl

By William Marion Reedy

BREEDON was always talking of his "little girl." The term sounded strangely coming from Breedon, who had been, in his time, somewhat of a rounder. A witty friend had once said his life could be summed up in a line, and this was the line: "Breedon's life is a continuous succession of liaisons loosely strung together by drunks." 'Twas bitter, but true.

When he first began to talk about the little girl the boys thought she was some new vaudeville divinity or a sylph from a still lower fragment of the world. He poetized about her, but he had poetized over a dozen that we all knew of. When he told Jimson about her first Jimson laughed at him.

"For pity's sake, Breedon, drop that. Your demi-mondaine divinities pall upon us."

"I won't have that, Jimson. She's a decent girl."

This sent Jimson off into a paroxysm of laughter which, as it grew more intense, seemed to deepen the frown on Breedon's face.

"Well, Breedon, there's one satisfaction, she won't be—very long."

I don't believe Jimson was ever fully aware of the immediate subsequent proceedings in the sitting-room of the Lone Star bar. He put in an appearance two days later with both eyes in mourning and a plaster on his nose and apologized.

Breedon talked of the little girl thereafter assured of the most respectful attention. He told us why he couldn't be seen with her; how his reputation would damn her if she were seen in his company. Her

beauty, her position, her accomplishments, were an inexhaustible theme. It would have been exhausting to the auditors but for the fact that Breedon talked singularly well.

Jimson was a skeptic. "Some one said," he remarked, "that no man could be as wise as Lord Thurlow looked. There can't be such a perfect woman in the world. This girl of Breedon's is a *Mrs. Harris*—there ain't no such person.' Its paretis, sure. It's a fancy kind of picture of the only kind of woman he's never had. 'The dear, delicious girl I've never met,' and all that sort of thing, you know."

This he did not say to Breedon. Coddington remarked that it was a pretty good form of insanity. Breedon had been civilized under it, and had apparently reverted to the gentleman that he had been originally.

From what Breedon said she was indeed a paragon. All the perfections of all the women of history and poesy were concentrated and refined in her. "Why," he said, "she's just a little girl, and she's the greatest woman in the world. She rules me, even," and he looked down at his gigantic frame comically. "Everybody loves her—including the Colonel."

The Colonel was another vague personage stalking through Breedon's story. He always spoke respectfully of the Colonel—but there was a something unquiet in his speech as he did so. The Colonel was evidently an elderly individual of means who took the little girl under his wing, who loved to take her with him to the theater, to little suppers now and then. He had a fatherly interest in her. The little girl, as I remember, had gone to school with his niece, and had taken a fancy to her when she visited his niece. That was when the little girl had been, maybe, seven years younger. The two, the Colonel and "the little girl," were great friends.

"Most remarkable little girl you ever saw," said Breedon. "She's good and yet she lets me know she knows. She's wise as Hypatia, I tell you, and I just wonder at her. It's not what she says, you understand, not what she says openly, but you get little side glimpses of her thought that give you clues to the fields she's ranged in reading and in dreams. Sometimes I think she knows too much. It all seems to make her unhappy, and it makes me miserable to think of it."

Of a truth, half the boys of Breedon's set were, before long, in love with her as with some dream-heroine. And in time we all came to respect Breedon, even the satirical Jimson, who viewed woman from a standpoint that was—well, utilitarian is the word. The little affair seemed to have purified him and filled him with a tenderness that made him what might be called, without offense, loveable. He had brains enough not to be a bore. If he would talk upon the one subject—the little girl—he managed somehow to

## The New Life

BY ETHEL M. RUSSELL

I N the wild March morning of life, my child,  
In the wild March morning of life,  
Ere the heart from its impulse is freed, my child,  
And the soul has ceased its strife,  
There comes to the spirit a touch, my child,  
From a hand that is fair and white,  
And falls as the rose petals fall, my child,  
In the blue of a summer's night.

And the hand that is fair and white, my child,  
Is the hand of the spirit of life,  
That touches with mystic might, my child,  
And wakens and fills with life.  
And the wild March morning of life, my child,  
Is the glad red youth of each soul  
That rushes in wilful strength, my child,  
Till haply it finds its goal.

From the Literary World.

bring into relativity to her all his thought upon the things a man of some reading and some taste may think about. She reflected a light on all things, and he had become in all things a romanticist. She seemed to be caressed in his affections as a rare Dresden shepherdess in the hands of a connoisseur. He tried to not love her strongly as he might, lest he should fracture the idol. He preferred to treat of her in his speech in a style reminiscent of the virelai and rondel rather than in the vigorous utterance of the Elizabethan lovers. He talked of her as Mr. Walter Pater might have talked, but he felt after the manner of Mr. Robert Buchanan when he pilloried Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It was really most pleasant to note this restraint in him, for it told of the glorious victory—self-conquest—in a man who had been wont to give way to himself after “the use of them that loose their sails to the winds of pleasure.”

Breedon seemed to have bent himself to the conversion of Jimson, with the little girl as a text, and, indeed, seemed to be making an impression upon that thoroughly misbelieving misogynist. Jimson was more of a confidant than any one of us.

“What has become of Breedon?” Coddington inquired one day. “He hasn’t been seen in five days.”

“The Colonel has left town for New York, I believe,” answered Jimson.

“What’s that got to do with it?”

“Well, I can’t say, only that the Colonel’s absence appears to have given Breedon freer access to the little girl.”

“When did you see him—Breedon, I mean?”

“To-day, going down on the Washington avenue cars to the express office to get a package the Colonel had sent her from New York.”

“God! he’s a devoted lover.”

“That’s what,” said Jimson.

The drunk upon which Breedon was discovered two days later was an awful one. Jimson had found him in a vile down-town den, and had tried to get him home. “Let him alone,” said Jimson, when it was suggested that the police be asked to take charge of him.

“What’s the matter with him?” the philosophic Jimson was asked.

“A shattered idol—that’s all. He’ll pull out when he goes so far.”

But Breedon never did “pull out.” He died at the City Hospital in the delirium tremens ward. Jimson was present at the time, and he was asked—some one always asks this question—“What were his last words?”

“Well,” said Jimson, “They were, in a way, an indorsement of my well known position upon certain matters we have often discussed. He had been still for a day, the quiet of exhaustion, you know, and they’d taken the straps off him. I was watching him as he lay on the bed pitifully wasted. His beard had grown up around his face and his hair hung round his head matted, you know, and I thought he looked like Christ’s face on Veronica’s towel. Damned if I didn’t feel like blubbering as I looked at him—not asleep, but just with his eyes closed and the lids quivering faintly. Suddenly he sat up and sang out so loud that it stilled the noisy maniacs in other rooms, two lines of a song:

*Hurrah! Hurrah! The devil is dead!  
'Tis a woman that reigns in Hell!*

“There’s a book that killed a man—not that book exactly, but a copy of it,” said Jimson, as we sat in his rooms one day, half a year later, pointing to a volume on the top shelf of his library.

“You don’t say” I said, smiling.

“Yes, and the man was Breedon. Do you remember some of the circumstances before his death; in particular, his going to the express office for a package for the little girl from the Colonel?”

“I do, perfectly.”

“Well, he got the package and started home with it. Getting on a car hurriedly he dropped the package and it went under the car wheels and was cut open. The package contained a book.”

“Well, and the book was—”

“‘Justine,’ by the Marquis de Sade, Englished at Antwerp in 1847.”

“I wonder what became of ‘the little girl?’ I ventured to remark. “You knew who she was, I have reason to believe.”

“I heard her name in Breedon’s ravings. She’s living in New York.”

“With—”

“The Colonel or somebody,” said Jimson, as he threw his cigar into the grate.”

## The Myth of “Little Japan”

THESE is one illusion about Japan which seems to survive evidence and to work most serious political mischief. The Continental Powers, and Russia more especially, cannot get rid of the belief that the Island Empire, however brave or astute or lucky its children may be, is, after all, but a “little” State, which in a very short time must “bleed to death.” It is not very easy to trace the origin of this belief, unless it be the habit of expecting great size in all Asiatic Empires, or of comparing the area of Japan with that of China, or of Russia itself. So compared, Japan is, of course, a little place, which looks on the maps almost insignificant. Compared, however, in a more sensible way, with the other Island Empire which has so long been one of the Great Powers of the world, Japan is by no means small. Its total area, without counting Formosa, is by twenty-seven thousand square miles greater than that of the British Isles, and as large a proportion of it is fertile and thickly populated. That population, again, is forty-four millions, or three millions greater than Great Britain (1901), six millions greater than that of France, and almost equal to that of Austria-Hungary. If the word “little,” again, refers to strength for war, that strength is in many respects superior to Great Britain. England could probably destroy the Japanese Fleet, but the Japanese Fleet has destroyed that of Russia, and could, if allowance is made for position, maintain a contest with that of France or Germany which would not be absolutely hopeless. As regards soldiers, Japan has a conscription, and the conscription obviously works. Within the last six months the country has sent out six armies, each nearly equal to either of the forces that contended at Waterloo. England thought she had done a great thing when she sent eighty thousand men to India in 1857, and an extraordinary one when she transported two hundred thousand men to South Africa in 1900. But Japan has transported more than four hundred thousand men across the sea, and is now defying the Russians at Liao Yang and Port Arthur with armies greater in the aggregate than that which Napoleon III. mobilized for the invasion of Germany. Of the quality of these forces it is unnecessary to speak. Sailors and soldiers alike are, in discipline, in speed of marching, and in endurance of fatigue, the equals of any that Europe has produced; while in their reckless contempt of death they display a special quality which, as great Russian officers admit, sometimes appals and demoralizes their own stubbornly brave men. Where in all this is the evidence of the “littleness” upon which ruling Russians rely, and which their Press declares to be a guarantee of their own ultimate victory? It is, they say, because of this deficiency of Japan that Russia, if she will only continue the contest, must ultimately bleed her “pigmy”

opponent to death. Why should Japan bleed to death? The consumption of officers is no doubt great, but a campaign of six months such as the Japanese have fought through breeds men in the ranks who are competent, so far as the business of actual warfare is concerned, to become good officers. As for the consumption of men, there is no reason why it should exhaust Japan any more than the conscriptions of Napoleon I. exhausted France, and his conscriptions were continued for fifteen years of almost incessant war. It is said that the old martial class of Japan—the Samurai—must be getting used up, but the ranks are already full of peasants who fight as well as ever the Samurai did. No doubt the new conscripts have been less perfectly trained than the old, but the use of training is to produce obedience and the readiness to face death, and those military qualities have been drilled into the Japanese by an experience of many hundred years. Von Moltke said that it took two years to teach conscripts to face shells; but throughout the war, though many hostile eyes have been observing them, there has been no evidence that Japanese soldiers quailed. The Russian generals and admirals, partly from pride, attribute much of the Japanese success in their first assault on Port Arthur, and in some of the subsequent battles, to energy, astuteness, and luck; but energy and astuteness are qualities that make a nation strong, and it is hardly luck that has dictated Admiral Togo’s invincible patience, and enabled him and his colleague, Admiral Kamimura, to defeat equal forces in open water. And the luck is strangely persistent which has enabled Gen. Kuroki to keep a huge Russian army in perpetual retreat towards the frontiers of the great province which it was sent to preserve. It is impossible to see the evidence of “littleness” in anything that has occurred, and, while we may be surprised at the sudden rise of Japan, the rise is that of a solid and most formidable State,—no more likely to be bled to death by protracted fighting than England was by her long war with Napoleon. It is true that the wealth of Japan must be far less than the wealth possessed by Great Britain even in 1815—though that, it should be recollected, bore no comparison either in men or money to its present resources—but her expenses are much less, her people can be maintained in health upon much simpler food, and it may be assumed that before she gave way she would be ruined to an extent of which no European Power in modern times has any experience. One may well disbelieve the “bleeding to death” story, and think that the only weak point in Japanese armor is her inability to waste battleships which could not be replaced. She can, however, now build her own, and within two years that source of danger may, in large measure, be removed. Every nation



# Nugent's SUPERB MILLINERY

Trimmed Dress Hats from our own workrooms, including the very newest colorings, shapes and materials of the season. You'll find it hard to choose—each is prettier than the preceding one. Prices are \$2.98, \$4.95, \$5.95 and \$7.50.

Is creating most enthusiastic praise and admiration from thousands of women. This week we bring forward for the first time an even hundred of those exquisite French Pattern Hats. The actual cost to import these magnificent creations was from \$32.50 to \$75.00 each, but as an advertisement for Nugent's and to more auspiciously start the new season we place the entire hundred on sale at the uniform price of \$25.00 each.

Shirt Waist Hats and silk tailored hats—a strikingly beautiful line, at from \$1.25 to \$7.95.



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that is ready to face ruin discovers in itself a large reserve of staying power.

The illusion of the Continent can be attributed to two causes,—one a false analogy, and the other a mistake produced by the history of ages. The false analogy is that the Russians, like the Chinese, have been unable to believe that an undersized people could be anything but a feeble people,—an impression which has prevailed elsewhere. There is reason to believe that the Roman soldiers who conquered the world were by no means big men, and since the invention of gunpowder all that is demanded of the private is strength to carry weight, a capacity of quick marching, and endurance under adverse conditions as to food and climate. The weight of the fighting line tells very little. Cœur de Lion could not have dashed through a Japanese square, or have stood unhurt at the door of Front de Bœuf's castle if the defenders had been using rifles instead of stones and beams. The mistake is the fixed belief, justified in great part by history, that an Asiatic army can never face a European one of equal numbers in a pitched field unless the latter is deficient either in willingness or in military equipment. The usual exception—the victories of the Janissaries—has little to do with the matter, for the Janissary regiments were recruited from the tribute of European children.

There is excuse, however, for the surprise which helps to delude the Russians. There is nothing in the history of Asia, at least within the last two hundred years, which points to the possibility that an Asiatic State might in the course of centuries produce, without employing European officers, a fighting force of the kind that the Mikado now controls. It is not a rushing force, such as has from time to time swept in a whirlwind over Asia and Eastern Europe; but in all that soldiery requires it is a civilized army, led by able tacticians, and supplied with all the munitions and commissariat required with a completeness that has rarely marked large European armies. So far as known, it has felt no necessity for the device of requisitions with which Napoleon's Marshals were never quite able to dispense. The causes of the immense mental development—for it must be mental—which has produced so astounding a result remain as yet unrevealed; but of the fact the Russians have the fullest proof, and the persistence of their illusion in the teeth of that proof is one more evidence that certain forms of

prejudice survive the refutation even of events. Nothing probably would convince Englishmen that Italians could be the equals of Frenchmen in battle, or that Napoleon was not under the prejudice of race when he expressed his belief that an Italian army, if equally well led, might encounter any army in the world with a fair hope of victory. It must be remembered, too, that the great officers and bureaucrats who surround the Court of St. Petersburg are probable but imperfectly informed as to events in the Far East—they fancy that the telegrams are "made in England" out of spite—that they are overwhelmed with criticisms of their greatest generals, and are probably convinced that those generals, to excuse their own failures, exaggerate alike the numbers, the equipment, and the prowess of their foes. They

have every possible motive for believing that they will win some day, and, even with sensible men—and the Slav, from Tolstoi downwards, is more apt to display genius than sense—allow to their wishes an influence which is the stronger because unconscious. There are plenty of excuses to be made for them, but the broad fact still remains that the opinions which rule their conduct and which threaten years of war are, to a great extent, based upon a foolish illusion that they are contending with a Power which is positively, as well as relatively, a "little" one. A similar illusion must have dominated Philip II. in his struggle with the United Provinces, and was, we all know, one of the causes which made Napoleon regard the stubborn opposition of Great Britain as something which combined insult with vexation.

## With the Knockers

Showing That a Certain Practice  
is Not Peculiar to the Gentle Sex

Scene—Banquet-room of the Dilettante.

Occasion—Farewell dinner to Tom Spender on the eve of his marriage.

Mr. Dunbar (toastmaster)—As I said before, I know that you will all join with me in the heartiest of felicitations, for I know we are all his sincere friends, and that he feels toward us as we do toward him.

Bill Richards (softly, to his friend, Hank Morton)—Dunbar is a good jollier. I heard him say last night that he sympathized with Spender's fiancée.

Hank Morton—Well, so do I; so does everybody at this table. You know how Spender treated his first wife, don't you?

Bill Richards—Of course I do, but what is the use of talking about it to-night? You know we are all his friends.

Charley Stone (leaning over to Richards)—What are you fellows whispering about?

Bill Richards (with a broad smile on his face)—Morton is talking about Spender's first marriage; deucedly malapropos, I think, don't you?

Charley Stone—Yes, but I guess everybody is thinking about it to-night, and also about his numerous love affairs since. I sympathize with the poor girl who is going to marry him, for Tom is surely

a bad one with women, and he's a kind of snob, too. He has done some—

Morton—Hold on; what is that Dunbar is saying? Charley Stone—Oh, he's just pumping in a little more hot air.

Bill Richards—And Spender seems to be swallowing it, too. It's funny how a worldly-wise fellow can be jollied on such an occasion as this. Of course we are all Spender's friends. His most intimate friends only were invited to-night.

Charley Stone—And we wouldn't knock on the outside for the world.

Morton—Of course we wouldn't. We have just been talking among friends. We all like Tom down in our hearts, for he is a good fellow in the club.

Bill Richards—Sure; and though I've been wondering how long it will be before he is divorced, I really hope that it will prove a very happy match.

Charley Stone—And so do I.

Hank Morton—Poor girl!

Presently they were all singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." And Tom Spender was overcome with emotion, so deeply touched was he by the evidence of sincere friendship.

The Clubman.

## HOW TO CARRY YOUR WATCH

Time was when woman's pocket was the most difficult of her possessions to locate. Not so now; it is her timepiece. She may carry her watch in almost any portion of her gown or about her person, and she does it. She carries it dangling from a chain where it may strike on any and everything; she carries it pinned to her shirt waist or to the lower edge of her collar; she wears it on her wrist or in her leather or silver belt; she carries it in a tiny vest pocket with the new tailor made gown, and she even has it fastened by means of tiny linked chains to the back of her hand.

One of the prettiest conceits in time-piece novelties is a solid ball of pearls with just the tiniest little watch face on one side. On the top a small gold hook permits of its being depended either from a chain or from a watch pin. The watch, as a novelty, is pretty, but it is not an easy piece of jewelry to wear, as its circular form makes it dangle about whenever the wearer moves.

Gun metal watches with faces in a dark gray shades, with gold lettering in Roman numerals, are among the fads of the autumn, and they are especially effective when worn with shirt waist suits of gun metal silk. Some of the most expensive watches in this metal are set with diamond monograms. A diamond is the only stone which harmonizes well with gun metal, although turquoise settings are employed occasionally.

Nurses and doctors frequently carry their timepieces in a leather bracelet so as to obviate the difficulty of holding a watch while taking a patient's pulse. The bracelet case is also seen in silver for women who fancy that mode of carrying their timepieces.

The old-fashioned breast pocket in the tailor made gown is being revived slowly this season, and with it will come the closed-faced watch so much worn by our grandmothers. For years the open-faced watch has been the fashionable timepiece for women, and during the last two years almost unlimited prices have been paid for them. Dia-

monds and precious stones in intricate designs are shown on the backs.

For persons who have occasion to see the time in the dark there is a novel watch with a tiny electric light at its swivel. The light shines on the face whenever the stem of the watch is pressed. Another novel timepiece is the striking watch. A man is conscious of the hour when he hears a gentle little ring from within his watch pocket. Some of the striking watches proclaim the time every half hour. This watch has been called the lazy man's timepiece.

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FURNITURE AND CARPET CO

Stock in every department is complete and ready for the fall season. For purity of style and good workmanship, at prices that are guaranteed the lowest, we guarantee particular attention to our large and splendid assortment.

## Furniture

Additional floor space affords us an opportunity to show what we have in this department to better advantage. All are invited to visit our display rooms. They are a revelation, surpassed only by the World's Fair itself.

## Carpets

The fourth floor is filled to overflowing with the latest patterns of the best make of carpets in the country. The selections are splendid, and we are confident of satisfying every purse and every taste.

## Draperies

The Drapery Department is well equipped for every decoration—classic and modern. Some direct importations are now in sample. We show the largest collection of Lace Curtains in the city.

## Rugs

Our lines of Oriental Rugs in quality and design surpass any ever put on sale here. To be convinced of this they must be seen. In Domestic Rugs we stand second to none—everything considered.

## Office Furniture

We carry the largest assortment of Office Desks and Chairs. Every style and kind is represented on our floors. The Shaw Walker Vertical Filing System is part of this department.

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*Everything marked in Plain Figures.**We are very strong in Cheap and Medium Furniture.**Come and look through. No trouble to show goods.**We guarantee satisfaction in everything.*

make reply, a lad answered: "Whiskey." The assemblage was astonished, but roared when the boy, encouraged to make himself clear, continued: "Moses threw down his staff and then the people saw the snake."



## BOERS AND BRITONS

So popular has the Boer-British War spectacle become with the great World's Fair throngs that the managers had to arrange for three performances instead of two on Saturdays, when the crowds are unusually large. Last Saturday three performances were given and still the crowds at each filled all available space. The spectacle excites the wonder and applause of all, and shows that it is the greatest of all mimic warfare productions. Every horse and every man in the contending armies plays his part with an accuracy that is the acme of realism. Keen interest is displayed by the spectators in the Boers and their laager is always surrounded by enthusiastic admirers of Generals Cronje and Villjoen. The British boys are also recipients of much attention and their soldierly bearing and conduct on the field always evokes applause. The admission prices to the show are 50 cents for a grand stand seat and \$1 for seats in the box.



Teacher—"The sentence, 'My father

had money,' is in the past tense. Now, Mary, what tense would you be speaking in if you said, 'My father has money?'" *Little Mary*—"Oh, that would be pretense."—*London Tit-Bits.*



## ONE ADVANTAGE

*Mrs. Smith*—I tell you, there isn't another man in the world like my John.

*Mrs. Brown*—Well, that's not very flattering to him: but as there is nobody like him of course you can always recognize him wherever he happens to be or with whom.—*Boston Transcript.*



*Evelyn*—"Yes, my great-grandmother eloped with my great-grandfather." *Cholly*—"Just fancy! Old people like that!"—*Smart Set.*



*Knicker*—"Yes, Johnny, there is only one way to learn, and that is to begin at the bottom." *Johnny*—"How about swimming?"—*New York Sun.*



*Millionaire*—What are you doing hanging round here?

*Tramp*—I'm a sociologist investigatin' the homes of the wealthy.



*Landlady*—Don't be afraid of the meat, Mr. Jones.

*Jones* (a new boarder)—I am not afraid of it. I've seen twice as much meat, and it didn't scare me a bit.



NEW BOOKS

"EVERY DAY ESSAYS."

For a true, strong picture of the joys and sorrows, mostly joys, of motherhood, there is no better place to look than in the "Every Day Essays," by Marion Foster Washburne, a volume recently issued from the press of Rand-McNally & Company, of Chicago and New York. The two essays entitled "Every Morning's Comedy" and "Mother and Child," are rich in all the little incidents of healthy home life, where the children romp and their parents wonder at the unwonted change in the quiet orderliness of their domicile. There is also a vein of humor in these two passages which adds to the truthfulness of the picture. The other essays in the volume are also of interest, and the illustrations, by Ruth Mary Hallock, are excellent.

THE BLUE GRASS COOK BOOK.

Those who are fond of the old Southern dishes and dinners and who may not be possessed of the recipes necessary to properly make them, will find in "The Blue Grass Cook Book," compiled by Minnie C. Fox, a perfect guide. The book contains 350 pages of receipts, from the simplest to the most complicated dishes, for which the South has always been famous. Recipes have been collected from well known Southern families for this volume, and among the contents are directions for some of the equally famous Creole dishes. The book is from the press of Fox, Duffield & Company, of New York, and its net price is \$1.50.

"THE LETTER H."

"The Letter H," by Charles Felton Pidgin, is a story in which the romantic and the mysterious are so ingeniously interwoven and made to appear as truth that it quickly compels interest in the reader. No more curious bond was ever registered in the annals of psychological research than that between the heroine and the young musician, which

gives the charm of mystery to the whole story. The scene of the story is in the fabled regions of the Hudson and Lake George. The book is from the press of the G. W. Dillingham Company, of New York. Its price is \$1.50.

"THE FUSSE'S BOON."

"The Fusses's Boon" is a little volume of unique rules to govern the lives of various members of both sexes. It is by Anna Archibald Georgiana Jones and is from the Fox-Duffield Company's press, of New York. There is keen wit and sarcasm throughout the entire set of rules. The price per volume is 75 cents.

"MISREPRESENTATIVE MEN."

"Misrepresentative Men," by Harry Graham, is a small volume of humorous jingling rhyme setting forth the vices and virtues of some of the Nation's and World's celebrities, past and present. The work is clever enough to evoke a smile, and the humor—well, there has been worse on tap. The book is from the press of Fox, Duffield & Company, of New York. The price per copy is \$1.00.

"RENO'S EXPERIMENT."

"Reno's Experiment" is the latest from the pen of Mary J. Holmes. The story is laid in a seacoast town and deals with the solution of a lovers' problem, growing out of the will of an eccentric Scotchman. The plot is intricate and the denouement happy as usual. The book is from the press of the G. W. Dillingham Company, of New York. The price is \$1.00.

THE RED LETTER LIBRARY.

One of the notable achievements in the publishing line which has already placed before the American public an excellent assortment of good literature is the Red Letter Library, inaugurated in this country by the H. M. Caldwell Company, of New York and Boston, who secured the exclusive American rights from H. M. Blackie & Son, of Glasgow and London, originators of the Red Letter Series. The publication which has already begun contemplates the presentation in neatly printed and bound volumes of selected poems, essays and other literary works of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Robert Browning, Shelley, Keats, Thackeray, De Quincy, Keble, Lamb, Thomas a Kempis, Emerson, Carlyle, Holmes, St. Augustine, Herrick and Whittier. Of the series several have already appeared, and they are models of the publisher's and binder's art. They are in two styles, one of cloth with gilt top, for 50 cents each, and the other of limo leather, price \$1.00 each. Each volume contains a well written introduction contributed by one of a dozen litterateurs of the present day.

"THE PILLAR OF LIGHT."

"The Pillar of Light," by Louis Tracy, author of "The Wings of the Morning," is one of the books of recent issue which has found many appreciative readers. As the title suggests, it is a

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Carl Frisk, late of Hot Springs, Ark.

story of a lighthouse built upon a bleak granite rock off the coast of England, where the keepers are imprisoned sometimes for days when wind and tides work together. Though the story deals sometimes with impossible perils and adventures, there is plenty of romance and mystery to balance these slight defects, and on the whole it is quite a readable tale. The opening chapter tells of a broken boat coming to the lighthouse, of a thrilling rescue, and battle with a shark, and then the narrative leads up to a shipwreck off the beacon rock, in which a brave young American rescues eighty-one lives. Here is introduced a thrilling description of a battle against starvation, thirst and the elements, in which the brave lighthouse keeper, his two daughters, the young American hero and a young English naval officer participate to save themselves and the lives of the eighty-one persons rescued from the wreck. For days they are involuntary prisoners of the elements, no boats being able to reach the rock, but all ends well and happily after most perilous and discouraging struggles. Of course, the two heroines are thrown into the company of the young English officer and the American hero, and this forms the basis of an interesting romance. The author's character drawing is very good, and the story teems with bits of realism, such as the detail of life in a lighthouse and facts about wind and tides. The book is from the press of Edward J. Clode, of New York. Its price is \$1.50.

An American girl in Florence who had the temerity to be returning home after nightfall was accosted by a masher in the uniform of a captain. "May I walk with you?" he said in broken English. The girl looked down and over him, and answered: "Why, are you afraid to walk alone?" She was not further molested.

"What's become of that literary lion you had out here last summer." "Oh, he made a monkey of himself in marry-

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or when down town shopping

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Large, cool rooms, with private baths; convenient for shopping; excellent home table. Refined parties desired. References exchanged.

ing an old cat."—Chicago Record Herald.

PLAYED OUT

"You look tired, old fellow."

"Tired? I am as tired as the rich father-in-law of a foreign nobleman."  
—Town Topics.

Rev. Robert Collyer, whose long and successful ministerial career has been passed chiefly in Chicago and New York finds the complete satisfaction of Bostonians in their city a source of amusement. He says he once dreamed that he was in the vicinity of the pearly gates, and saw two ladies approach, seeking Peter.

"Where are you from?" asked St. Peter.

"We're both from Boston," replied one of the ladies.

"Well, you can come in," said St. Peter, "but you won't like it."

He—"What would you think of me if I were to steal just one kiss?" She—"What would you think of a burglar who had a chance to swipe a dozen pairs of Swope's shoes and took only one? Kisses and Swope's shoes are equally valuable, and if you have a chance to possess either in large quantities, grab it. You get the shoes at 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis."

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We have just received from Messrs. Villeroy & Boch, of Metlach, Germany, a complete invoice of their famous Steins. These makers are pre-eminent in their line; making the most beautiful Steins in the world.

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# The Mirror

## DRAMATIC

### "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

"The Darling of the Gods" has passed the half century mark of performances at the Imperial and it still ranks foremost as a drawing card. There have been few shows in which the public finds such complete enjoyment as they derive from this story of old and new Japan. It does not seem as though the piece ever will stale. Miss Bates and her supporting company, collectively and individually, have found much in St. Louis audiences to encourage them to their best efforts.

### "THE SHOW GIRL."

"The Show Girl," which held the boards at the Grand Opera House last week, proved one of the most genuinely entertaining pieces seen in St. Louis thus far this season. It is a musical comedy with just the suggestion of a plot and a very clever collection of specialties. The show presented a first-class chorus, thirty young women all possessed of good voices appearing in a variety of guises and singing harmoniously many catchy songs. Bert Wainwright and Miss Estelle Bird are especially good in vocal selections. Sam J. Mylie, the comedian of the piece, was immensely popular from the start. One of the catchy songs of the show is entitled "She's the Best Little Woman in the World." It is rendered by one of the minor members of the company. Following "The Show Girl" and commencing with next Sunday's matinee, the Williams and Walker Company, one of the best bunch of entertainers on the road, will be the Grand's attraction.



Again it's a matter of buttons.

For Dame Fashion counts on all her followers who prefer the single-breasted to the double-breasted styles to get into the new English cut 4-button Single Breasted Sack this Fall instead of the 3-button style.

'Tis made with neat, narrow short lapels with blunt lower ends on the front—cut boxy and English-y. Adds tone to a tall—man, particularly.

Made of the new Browns—and endowed with MacCarthy-Evans snap—\$35.

**MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.,**

High-Grade Tailoring.  
Medium-Grade Prices.

816-820 Olive St.

The Post Office is Opposite.  
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This company will remain three weeks.

### KIRALFY'S "LOUISIANA."

Kiralffy's "Louisiana Purchase Spectacle" at the Odeon is doing splendid business. The audiences are growing in size every day and with that indefatigable desire to please the management is still improving the piece by the addition of new effects and specialties. The newest feature, which resembles greatly the "Butterfly" flight of the ballet girl in "Mother Goose," is executed by Mlle. La Touche. The act is accomplished when house and stage are in pitch darkness and the effect is heightened by the performer's luminous appearance. It is weird and startling when first witnessed, but is always applauded. The big production otherwise is now presented with a smoothness that is easily noticeable.

### "THE TENDERFOOT" COMING.

"The County Chairman" entered upon its second week at the Century Theater with just as strong a hold upon the public as it had in the opening performances. St. Louis' large array of theatergoers are thoroughly fond of George Ade's conception of the rural politician and rural life generally. There is no end to the laughter. There is scarcely a character in the piece that is not quickly recognized as a familiar type and all are greeted with applause. Some of the acting is slightly overdrawn, but on the whole the play is ably presented. The show continues at the Century until next Sunday night, September 18, when Richard Carle comes with "The Tenderfoot," the well known and popular musical comedy. This piece has had such a triumphant and successful career that its plot needs no mention here. It is uproariously funny and the music catchy and lasting. Mr. Carle's support includes some of the best known artists in this line of work in the country, among whom may be named Edmund Stanley, Henry Norman, Wm. Rock, Charles A. Morgar, Frances Knight, Nellie Lynch, Beatrice McKenzie and Minerva Courtney. The big beauty chorus is a feature.

### THE STANDARD.

Rose Sydel's London Burlesquers, with forty vocalists, comedians and dancers, and a two-act musical comedy entitled "Dazzling Nancy," have been keeping the Standard patrons well entertained during the week. The Transatlantic Burlesquers, another aggregation of clever specialists, follows at this theater, commencing Sunday night.

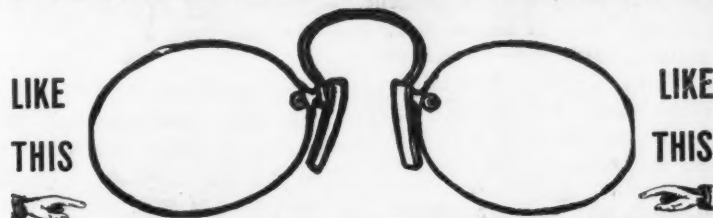
### MOTHER GOOSE'S POPULARITY.

"Mother Goose," the gorgeous spectacle at the Olympic Theater, is growing upon the people more and more each day. Now in its second week, the performances have acquired a smoothness and finish not noticeable in the first appearances of the show here. The standing room sign was early hung out. No theatrical attraction offered in St. Louis for many days has such a variety of pleasing features, all entertaining. There are scores of clever things in "Mother Goose." The comedy is very



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46 Teachers—Everyone an Artist—

among whom are:  
Reopens September 1st.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Applications for 40 free and partial scholarships received from September 1, on.  
Academy of Deportment and Dancing reopens first Wednesday in Oct. at 2200 St. Louis Ave.  
For Children at 4 P. M. Adults 8 P. M. Send for Extra Circular.



## CONRATH'S Conservatory of Music

LOUIS CONRATH, Director.

3400-3402 Lindell Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

Complete and Select Faculty  
in all Branches.

DIPLOMAS AWARDED. Write for Catalog.

winning and Joe Cawthorne finds Lelia McIntyre keeping pace with him in this feature of the show. Miss McIntyre's rendering of the cute little song, "Shame," is as nice a piece of work as has been done anywhere, and there is no doubt that she has imparted to the song and part a vitality that will keep long with us. "The Old Oaken Bucket" as rendered by Joe Cawthorne and his associates is also one of the many clever bits of the piece. In a scenic way the



spectacle is grand. There are three acts and seventeen scenes, in which 2,000 costumes are worn by the 400 members of the company. The ballet effects are startlingly beautiful, especially that which is finale to the first act and which is known as L'Art Nouveau; "Heartsease," "Land of Heart's Desire" and "Contentment." The show continues as usual at the Olympic, it being here for three weeks.

"LOUISIANA" AT MUSIC HALL.

Hayes' "Louisiana" bid farewell to Delmar Garden audiences last Sunday, when two performances were given, and now is installed in its handsome and capacious home—Exposition Music Hall. By way of making its reappearance at Music Hall noteworthy and in deference to the thousands who have again and again viewed the great spectacle, the management has added a number of new features, which give the performance a newness and enhances its entertaining qualities. The new catchy songs have already won the audiences, which, by the way, find the protection of the indoor theater most desirable on chilly nights. "Louisiana" has lost none of its well known features in the transfer to Music Hall, the water effects especially having been improved, if anything.

AT THE HIGHLANDS.

To-day, Thursday, or St. Louis Day, as you will, will be a gala one at Forest Park Highlands, a special programme with a great and good variety of attractions having been arranged by Colonel Hopkins. This is the closing week at the Highlands and the intention

is to make the last performances superior, if possible, to those of the early season. The show has for its topline "The Girl with the Auburn Hair," now in her second week's engagement and Petching Brothers, novelty and comedy musicians; Brooke Eltrym, singer of descriptive ballads; the National Quartet; Leah Russell, Hebrew Impersonator, and Sutton and Sutton are among the other attractions.

BACK TO CHILDHOOD DAYS

Go to the sliding place at the Tyrolean Alps if you wish to be transported to the days of childhood, when sliding down the schoolhouse banister, the copings of stone steps or inclined cellar doors was a delightful pastime. It's almost as much fun to stand and look on as it is to take the slide down the slippery chute. The merry peals of laughter and the exhilarating shouts of the beginners never fail to bring back old memories and some incidents of the past that may have been forgotten altogether. At the Alpine slide the old grow young again and the spirit of youth permeates the entire place. Truly, the Alps is a wonderful resort. There is no end to the pleasures to be found there. The sweetest music from the best conducted orchestra is one of the sterling attractions. Music lovers enjoy the concerts night and day. City folks and Fair visitors find among the towering peaks of the Alps that contentment and pleasures so desirable at the close of each day. Monthly or weekly season tickets to the Alps are still on sale and ready purchasers are snapping them up.

The German press is full of good stories of Kuno Fischer, the famous Heidelberg professor of philosophy, whose eightieth birthday has just been celebrated by the entire learned world of Germany. That city is extremely proud of its great but eccentric professor. One traveler relates that he had no sooner got settled in his quarters there when his landlady entered his room, and, with all the air of one who makes a very solemn and important announcement, declared: "Prof. Fischer is going to write something on the blackboard to-day!" To an astonished query as to whence she had this great news, she replied: "His barber tells me that the professor had his back hair parted to-day." This, it seems, never occurs save when the professor appears before royalty—or turns his back on his students.

"What do you think of the political situation?" "I wish there wasn't any such thing," said the Kansan, "if so many people weren't looking for political situations there would be more willing to accept jobs as farm-hands."—*Washington Star*.

A school teacher at Three Rivers asked her pupils the other day who Nero was. The only response came from a little fellow who held up his hand. "Arthur," said the teacher, "do you know who Nero was?" "Yes, ma'am," he answered proudly, "he's the one we sing about in our Sunday

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**Broadway and Locust.**

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616 LOCUST STREET.

school." The teacher was unable to recall any song in gospel hymns where Nero was mentioned. "What is the song like, Arthur?" she asked. "Nero, my God, to thee," was the answer given by the child.—*Detroit Journal*.

THE BARE FACTS

"Anyway," said the Cheerful Idiot, as he looked over the Tired Citizen's shoulders at the picture of an Igorrote feast, "there's one part of the canine they don't seem to fancy."

"What's that?" asked the Tired Citizen, accommodatingly.

"The pants," replied the Cheerful Idiot, with loud laughter.—*Baltimore American*.

Clara overheard her parents talking about Bible names. "Is my name in the Bible?" she asked. "No, dear." "Didn't God make me?" "Yes." "Then why didn't He say something about it?"—*Harper's Magazine*.

Mrs. Dearbond—"Were you married in June?" Mrs. Wabash—"Yes; once on the fifth, once on the eighth and on the tenth, and another time on the sixteenth; but I've switched off to Octo-

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TEXAS**



"No Trouble to Answer Questions." Write for Resort Pamphlet and New Book on TEXAS—Free.

**E. P. TURNER,**  
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,  
DALLAS, TEXAS.

ber; that's my marrying month now!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

AT THE CLUB

First member—"I've been up with the sun every day this summer." Second member—"So have I, but after I've walked the floor with him for awhile, I usually go back to sleep again."—*Detroit Free Press*.



GLORY QUAYLE

**THE SLOWEST LAUNDRY**

Notice to Patrons of  
Parrish's Laundry.

We have instructed our drivers and telephone girls not to take any new customers, but refer the orders to Mr. Anderson, the manager. We intend to take care of our present regular customers as well as we can. We can not return linen received after Wednesday, before Tuesday of the following week. Please have your linen ready when we call.

**Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry**

CORPORATION.

DINKS L. PARRISH, President.  
J. ARTHUR ANDERSON, Vice-Prest. and Gen'l Mgr.

3126-3128 OLIVE STREET

"Lest we forget,"

WE USE CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER

NOT IN A TRUST.

## A GOOD PRESS AGENT.

The World's Fair and the various attractions of the Pike have done more to emphasize the importance to entertainment enterprises of the advertising manager and press agent than has any other big show that has ever been presented. The keen observer can go over the various enterprises at the Fair and he will find in most cases that the failures are due to the neglect of proprietors in not establishing proper connections with the newspapers while the successes, he will note, are due to the recognition of this cardinal principle of the show business. This reveals the importance of the press agent. It is all well enough to say: "Put a display 'ad' in the paper and the people will come," but this is folly nowadays. True, the display "ad" has its effect, but the achievement is greater when the display is accompanied by reading matter in the news columns or departments of each publication.

One shining example of the ideal advertising manager and press agent combined is E. Sherman Danby, who occupies this position with the South African Exhibit Association at the World's Fair, the organization which presents the now famous Boer-British War spectacle. Mr. Danby is one of the individual successes developed by the Exposition. He has conducted the exploitation of this remarkable spectacle with such wonderful ability and success that this attraction stands out to-day in bold contrast with other equally entertaining features within the World's Fair Grounds as a money maker. True, he spent a large sum of money to accomplish the results, but this expenditure is a mere bagatelle to the profits that have poured into the coffers of the association. Through his efforts, aided by assistants, he has made the Boer-British War show known in all parts of the world. Newspapers everywhere in which he has carried no advertising have given publicity to the breezy descriptive articles sent out by his bureau. And what's the result? Thirty-seven per cent. of the people attending the Exposition every day also take in the Boer-British War.

## St. Louis' Leading Confectionery Store.

When you were engaged  
THE YOUNG LADY RECEIVED A BOX OF

**Kuyler's**

ALMOST DAILY—  
HOW OFTEN DOES  
YOUR WIFE NOW RECEIVE  
A BOX OF THESE  
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS?

REPEAT AND MAIL YOUR  
ORDERS, AT SHORT INTERVALS, TO  
**Kuyler's** 716 OLIVER STREET  
ST. LOUIS

EIGHTEEN OTHER STORES & SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE.  
CANDIES SENT ANYWHERE BY MAIL & EXPRESS

Persons inexperienced in these matters may think all this easy of achievement. They may argue that he had the attraction to exploit and the rest was easy. But this is not the case. True, the attraction was good, but the interesting reading matter in the big newspapers, daily and weekly, which Mr. Danby prepared and had published, at practically no expense, is what interested the millions of people coming or about to come to the Fair in the great military spectacle. Not everyone could have secured this newspaper space for such purposes, any more than it is possible for any person to become a successful press agent. There is a "knack" in the business, as the saying goes. The real press agent combines the qualities of the newspaper writer, the diplomat, the politician, the showman and business man. He is a cosmopolitan. The best press agents are these, who, like Mr. Danby, have had newspaper experience. He knows how to make friends with all hands at the newspaper office, from the owner to the night watchman, and he has all of them looking out for his interests. He plays strong, of course, for the friendship of the business office and the editorial staff, and being a keen judge of news and good stories he is often appealed to by reporters and editors for feature stuff for a dull news day. He is a good mixer and a hail fellow well met with all classes, and he knows how to spend his employer's money to the best possible advantage.

Mr. Danby's work with the South African Exhibit is the acme of perfection in the conduct of a press agency. He has established a standard in this profession or calling which from now on promises to be recognized more extensively, not only by amusement but other enterprises which have to attract the public by advertising. And the marvelous success of the Boer War show reveals the potentiality of newspaper advertising in the upbuilding of business and fortunes.

## PRINTERS' SOUVENIR.

The souvenir booklet which the St. Louis Typographical Union, No. 8, issued on the occasion of the recent gathering her of members of the craft from all parts of the country, is a beautiful sample of the printers' and engravers' arts. The cover is dark brown cardboard artistically embossed and the materials throughout are of the finest quality. Among the contents are handsome half-tone portraits of President Joseph A. Jackson, Secretary-Treasurer James J. Early and members of the No. 8's executive board; International President James M. Lynch and International Secretary J. W. Bramwood. It also contains the roster of the visiting delegates and laudatory articles on St. Louis and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, accompanied by handsome half-tone illustrations. It is a souvenir in every sense of the word. The handsome book is not marred by the advertisements which are so commonly found upon the official pamphlets gotten out by other organizations, and the printers and their friends in this respect have introduced an innovation which redounds to their

## "LIGHT IS LIFE"

Put life into your business by installing the Humphrey Gas Arc Light. Flood your store with the "HUMPHREY Sunshine."

It wins attention, and attention means trade. Positively the BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL method of lighting large areas.

5,000 in daily use in St. Louis prove our claims.

LIGHT IS LIFE. Get both by getting the HUMPHREY GAS ARC LAMP. \$10.00 each payable \$2.00 at time of order, balance \$1.00 monthly with gas bill.

THE LACLEDE GAS LIGHT CO.

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# \$15 To Texas

## AND RETURN

from St. Louis. \$20 from Chicago.

Sept. 20 and 27.

Through fast service to Texas, leaves St. Louis 5.00 p. m., arrives Dallas, Ft. Worth, Waco, Houston and other Texas points next afternoon. Dining Cars, Standard Sleepers, Excursion Sleepers—berth rate one-half. Write for particulars.



**Cotton Belt Route,**

909 Olive Street—Union Station.

ST. LOUIS.

credit. And in addition to booming their union they have shown true civic pride in exploiting the city of St. Louis and the Fair.

"How do you like the cheese, sir?" asked the waiter.  
"It's not half bad," replied the diner.  
"Very sorry, sir, but we were assured it was quite ripe."—*Philadelphia Record*.

Husband—"You don't treat me like Smith's wife treats him."

Wife—"How does she treat him?"

Husband—"Why, she puts her arms around his neck and almost loves him to death."

Wife—"Yes, and she'll probably succeed in the course of time. He recently had his life insured for \$10,000 in her favor."—*Chicago News*.



MUSIC.

LOUISIANA AT MUSIC HALL.

The housewarming, on Monday night, of the Delmar production of "Louisiana" at Music Hall, was an eminently successful affair. An immense audience assisted, and the performance was exhilaratingly bright and snappy. The piece is better, the production bigger, and the people presenting it appear to far better advantage in Music Hall, big as it is, than they did at Delmar Garden. Several tuneful and taking musical numbers from the facile pen of Mr. Wm. J. Hall have been added, greatly to the betterment of the entertainment.

William G. Stewart sings a ballad entitled, "Down on the Gasconade," which, by virtue of its haunting waltz refrain, and the baritone's superb rendition, promises to rival "Sweet Dakota Maid" in popularity. Stewart's is a rare voice, and his work is remarkably refined and finished, altogether of an order unfortunately very uncommon in comic opera.

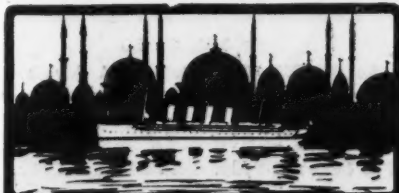
The "Zelia" song by Miss Mertons, and a fascinating octette of "broilers," is one of the brightest bits in the piece.

Scenic effects and elaborate and tasteful costuming make a gay and impressive picture.

"Louisiana" at Music Hall, is a winner, distinctly one of the best amusement features of the World Fair period.



Congressman Perkins was in the office of a friend, a justice of the peace, when a couple came in to be married. After the ceremony the justice accepted a modest fee and handed the bride an umbrella as she went out. Mr. Perkins looked on gravely and asked: "Do you always do that, Charles?" "Do what? Marry them? Oh, yes." "No. I mean bestow a present on the bride?"



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WINTER CRUISES  
TO SUMMER LANDS AND  
HISTORIC SCENES**

18 Different Cruises and Special Services

S. S. DEUTSCHLAND  
2 Fast Trips to Italy

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Cruises to the West Indies  
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and the Adriatic Seas

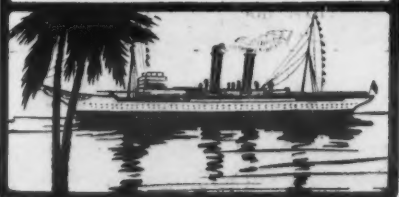
ATLAS LINE SERVICE  
to Jamaica, etc.

Send for illustrated booklet before deciding  
Winter plans.

**HAMBURG AMERICAN LINE**

901 Olive Street,

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.



"A present? Why, wasn't that her umbrella?" gasped the justice. "No, it was mine," replied the congressman sadly.



Colonel Cleary was a noted character in Chicago a quarter of a century ago. In his latter days he got to be quite a society man. One evening at a reception he noticed a beautiful girl, and on inquiry found that her name was O'Brien. "Bedad," he said to his host, "I know her! Introduce me." That formality having been gone through with, the old colonel declared to the young lady: "Your name is O'Brien and your mother was a Flannery." "Yes," Miss O'Brien assented. "Well! well! well!" the colonel exclaimed; "an' that's strange. D'ye know, young lady, that jist twinty-wan year ago I came in wan o' bein' your father?"



It is said that when President Polk visited Boston he was impressively received at Faneuil Hall Market. Secretary Rhodes walked in front of him down the length of the market, announcing in loud tones: "Make way, gentlemen, for the President of the United States! Fellow-citizens, make room!" The chief executive had stepped into one of the stalls to look at some game, when Mr. Rhodes, the secretary, turned around suddenly, and, finding himself alone promptly changed his tone, and exclaimed: "My gracious, where has that darned idiot got to?"



Gov. Bachelder, of New Hampshire, dislikes tramps, though at times he will hand a quarter to one of the traveling fraternity. Not long ago he found a husky young hobo lying under a tree at a lonely place in the country. The governor listened to the old hard-luck story, and gave the tramp some small change. Then he said encouragingly: "Down there on the left, my friend, there is a farmer who wants men to help him thresh wheat." "Thankee, sir," said the tramp, turning to the right; "thankee, I might have gone down that way accidental like."



"Woman," cried the big, burly husband, shaking his finger wildly, "I can read you like a book."

"That may be," retorted the little wife, with a queer smile, "but you can't shut me up."

And then she spoke volumes.—*Chicago News.*



Doctor—"You owe me a bill of \$50." Slowpay—"Well, if I had a job I might pay you. Can't you give me a job?"

Doctor—"What kind of a job could I give you?"

Slowpay—"Well, you might give me the job of collecting the bill."—*Puck.*



Cora—"What is your favorite pet in the animal world?" Dora—"Man."—*Chicago Chronicle.*



"Why don't you strive to do something that will make posterity grateful?"

"What's the use?" asked Senator Sorghum. "Posterity may be polite enough

GLOVES and CRAVATS of latest fashion, without the marks of ordinary style, are now ready for their first showing.

NEW WING COLLARS of becoming proportions—to be worn for business wear with large cravats. Qualities so good as we require—which interpreted means—superlative. Prices always very moderate to win your appreciation.

**Werner Bros.**  
The Republic Building,  
On Olive Street at Seventh.



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Tickets Are Sold, Baggage Checked and Sleeping Car Reservations Made at  
World's Fair Station.

City Ticket Office, Eighth and Olive Streets.

10 FAST TRAINS to 10,000 EASTERN CITIES  
—VIA—  
**BIG FOUR ROUTE**  
Lake Shore, New York Central, Boston & Albany, Pittsburg & Lake Erie,  
Erie R. R., Lehigh Valley and Chesapeake & Ohio.

LOW TOURIST RATES  
Connection with all Steamship Lines to and from New  
York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Norfolk

TICKET OFFICE  
Broadway & Chestnut

W. P. DEPPE,  
CHIEF ASST. GEN'L. PASS. AGENT.

to say 'much obliged,' but it will not be in a position to reciprocate."—*Washington Evening Star.*

"Never mind," said the friend, soothingly, "you'll wake up some morning and find yourself famous." "Not much!" growled the pessimistic poet, "it would be just my luck to oversleep myself that morning."—*Philadelphia Press.*

## OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,  
Great Success of  
Klaw & Erlanger's  
Peerless  
Production,  
**MOTHER GOOSE.**  
Regular Matinees  
Wednesday & Saturday

## ... CENTURY ...

THIS WEEK,  
Henry W. Savage's  
OFFERING OF  
George Ade's Quaint  
Comedy,  
**The County Chairman**  
Regular Matinee Sat.

NEXT SUNDAY  
Beginning of the  
**THIRD WEEK OF**  
**MOTHER GOOSE.**  
Wed. and Sat. Mats  
Seats for 3rd week on  
sale Thursday

NEXT SUNDAY,  
Richard Carle  
In the  
Grand Success  
**THE TENDERFOOT.**  
Reserved Seats  
Thursday.

## GRAND

Matinees Sunday, Wednesday, Saturday  
**The SHOW GIRL,**  
THREE WEEKS,  
Starting Sunday Matinee, September 18th.  
WILLIAMS & WALKER.

## Newest Books.

By Snare of Love, Arthur W. Marchmont. \$1.20. The Challoners, E. T. Benson. \$1.20. The Crossing Wingston Churchill. \$1.20. The Lure O' Gold, Bailey Millard. \$1.20. Prudence Pratt, Mrs. Dore Lyon. \$1.20. Green Mansions, W. H. Hudson. \$1.20. The Interloper, Violet Jacob. \$1.20. The Letter H., Charles Felton Pidgin. \$1.20. Also a complete assortment of paper novels, magazines and periodicals. Subscriptions taken for all publications at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive st.

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## Eastern Cities

LOWEST RATES  
BEST SERVICE.



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Ass't. Gen'l. Passenger Agent,  
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## The Grand

Wm. Schaefer,  
Proprietor.

N. W. Corner 6th and Pine Streets,  
**Finest Bar and Billiard  
Hall in the West**  
STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS  
IN EVERY RESPECT.



## DON'T GRIT YOUR TEETH.

"No teeth to fill," the dentist said to the man in the chair, "but you are grinding off your teeth more than you ought to. Do you grit your teeth in your sleep?"

And the man said he didn't stay awake long enough to know about that, but were they much ground off?

"More than they ought to be at your age," said the dentist. "You have worn the enamel off from some of them and got down to the dentine."

"What's going to happen?" asked the victim.

"Why, if you keep on grinding them off," said the dentist, "the teeth will hollow out and we'll have to put plugs in them with gold tops to give them new grinding surfaces."

This wasn't a very pleasant prospect, so later the man sought to ascertain for himself whether he did grit his teeth unduly. And while he was still unable to stay awake long enough to find out, he did discover that he had a habit at times of gritting his teeth in his waking moments, when he sat back from his work to think of something, for instance. And he made up his mind that he would stop that, anyway, and he hoped that he might thus stop grinding his teeth in his sleep, if he did so grind them. For, fine as they might be, he didn't want any of those nice little gold-capped plugs put in his teeth if he could help it.—*New York Sun.*

## NO LONGER A BABY

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Sir Joshua Reynolds was the rapidity with which he worked. Sir Thomas Lawrence, his rival, was very slow. Over a portrait of Lady Mexborough and her child he took an unconscionable time. Promise after promise was made, and at last Lord Mexborough insisted on fulfillment.

"Well," said Lawrence, "if Lady Mexborough will kindly bring the baby once more, I will really finish."

"Well, Sir Thomas," answered his patron, "my wife will be happy to give you another sitting when you like, but the baby's now in the Guards!"—*London Tit-bits.*

Book agent—"Now, sir, can I sell you an encyclopædia?" Old John—"No, I don't think so. I'm tew old to ride now."—*Punch.*

"Did you ever make any money on the board of trade?" "Yes, I made one hundred and seventy-five dollars there one day in less than twenty minutes." "Whew! What did you do with it?" "Oh, they got it back before I had a chance to see it."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Gabber—"You ought to meet Dyer. Awfully clever imitator. He can take off anybody." Miss Duncan (wearily)—"I wish he was here now."—*Tit-Bits.*

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# A NIGHT WITH STRAUSS

An assemblage such as is only possible in a world center was that which gathered at Strauss' "Growlery," under the famous and artistic Strauss studio on Franklin avenue near Grand last Wednesday evening. On Mr. Strauss' invitation there came together for luncheon, speeches and general "good-fellowship" about one hundred members of the International juries of award on fine arts and photography, with many St. Louis artists, business men and dilettante. It was a cosmopolitan assemblage in which every civilized language was spoken, and the names of the more distinguished guests were names world renowned in art. Their signatures secured in a tasty volume during the evening alone constitute an autograph album that would bring many ducats, if placed on sale. The guests didn't all know one another, but they all knew Strauss, and Strauss, the world's greatest art photographer, got them all together in a happy bunch through the aid of luncheon and corn-cob pipes and the brands of beer that have made St. Louis famous. The cosmopolitan group representing every nation, one might say, "from China to Peru," assembled in the outer court of the Strauss establishment, whence it found its way into the subterranean Growlery where there were "steins on the tables" and an abundance of good cheer. Every guest was honored with a banner bearing his name and under the inspiration of the Straussian jollity the crowd was in such a jolly comminglement that one would have thought it a Congress of Nations engaged in a jocose gabfest. The fine thing about it all was its informality. The guests enjoyed hugely the fact that they were not on dress parade and didn't have to preserve the artificial forms of communication prevalent at so much of the World's Fair "functioning" during the past four or five months. The guests just "cut loose" and had a good time, even if at times they did not understand one another. There were speeches of course. Mr. Everett W. Pattison led off in a happy vein welcoming gen-

ius of all lands to genius, one common land, not on the map, Bohemia. Mr. Festus J. Wade, banker and capitalist, made a speech in which he explained that it was only because he was an Irishman that he had been able to bring into harmony high finance and high art as congenial and harmonious pursuits. F. Dundas Todd, of Chicago, one of the jury of award in photography, paid a high tribute to himself by proclaiming that on the advice of his wife he had always modeled his conduct upon that of the host, Mr. Strauss, and this testimonial was followed up by an address from J. M. Campbell, of London, England, who told what a fine man his friend, George M. Wright, had proclaimed Strauss to be. The canonization of Mr. Strauss would have proceeded indefinitely had not Frank Gaiennie assumed the role of devil's advocate and presented other aspects of the Straussian character with such unfaltering fidelity to truth as to provoke defensive outbursts from "Papa" Cramer, the dry-plate mogul, and James G. Butler, who felt he could talk on art because he once went buggy-riding with an artist M. Antoine Lumiere, of Lyons, France, a juror and a manufacturer of photo materials, spoke briefly but brilliantly in his native tongue, and was followed in a decidedly unique address by Mr. Shugio, of Tokio, Japan, one of the fine arts jurors. Charles M. Kurtz, of the World's Fair art department, talked wittily, and J. Craig Anna, of Glasgow, spoke for the much discussed and little understood Glasgow school of art. Curtis Bell, of the Lotus Club, New York, and William H. Howe, the famous cattle painter, responded to calls for a few words. The fraternization of the artists and art lovers from all around the world continued up to a late hour in the morning, and the party broke up, differing in speech and on many things, but unanimous upon one point—that Strauss of St. Louis is the great artist photographer of the world, that his Growlery and Studio are unique and original, and that he and his staff are all jolly good fellows. This affair at Strauss' was the greatest informal cosmopolitan event of the World's Fair period to date, and a hit of the biggest sort with the foreigners as well as the natives. Strauss knows how to do things artistically and his assembling of the fine arts juries was an inspiration delightfully realized.

Willie—"Oh mamma, Tommy's ketch-ed a fly, and he's pulled both its wings off." Mother—"What a cruel boy he is!" Willie—"Yes, he is. He wouldn't let me pull one of them off."

A mother was talking to her little children about going to bed early. "Ted," she said earnestly, "you and Ethel ought to go to bed with the sun. The chickens go to bed with the sun." "Yes, I know they do, mamma," Ted replied, "but the old hen—she always goes to bed with 'em."—Record-Herald.

A correspondent writes to our editor, saying: "An editor is supposed to know everything; therefore, I write to



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ask if you can translate into Latin the "We don't fish."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Visitor (at Putin Bay)—"What do you do in here all summer?" Native—"Loaf and fish." Visitor—"And what do you do in the winter?" Native—

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Hewitt—"Do you think long hair makes a man look intellectual?" Jewett—"Not when his wife finds it on his coat; it makes him look foolish."—Town Topics.



## THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES

Theodore Roosevelt is the first President of the United States who has been called upon to act as official censor in a case involving the delicate question of personal modesty.

It has gone out over the land how the sansculottic condition of the wild Igorrotes at the St. Louis Exposition shocked the sensibilities of some highly modest patrons of the public morals, and how these picturesque Filipinos—with a solitary exception—have persistently refused to don the trousers purchased for them. We have also heard how this vital question, after troubling the Exposition authorities, was finally referred to Oyster Bay, and how President Roosevelt made the ruling that the loin cloth is all-sufficient for the common demands of human modesty, says the *Washington Star*.

Questions of this kind have been brought to the federal authorities before; in fact, it is a part of their routine duty to pass upon them. But never before have they gone to the President. The zealous post-office inspectors are constantly exerting a censorship over works of art, and are excluding from the mails pictures which set forth the God-like human form in too great a paucity of conventional apparel. A photographer who lately emerged from the cactus-dotted deserts of Mexico brought with him and published a photograph depicting a group of Indian children in swimming. The government promptly confiscated the negative. In the great Capital City there is an official in federal hire who acts as censor of theatrical posters, and requires that those featuring ladies of the ballet with too great an economy in skirts shall be doctored with pasters covering the portion of the picture where the skirts ought to be.

Of all ethical rules it would seem that those defining modesty—so far as that virtue relates to concealment of the body—are the most inconsistent. When the great explorer Stanley returned once from the Congo region he brought with him a little savage boy whom he took with him on a tour of various enlightened countries. This

youngster had never felt the rub of clothes until the British traveler had adopted him; his parents and their parents, his brothers and sisters, cousins and aunts, had ever traveled about in an Adamite condition. Stanley brought the boy to America, and in Boston took him to see a ballet. The once naked Congo savage was utterly overcome with shame and bolted the theater.

If you sail over to Brittany you will find there the pretty peasant lassie going abroad barelegged and scant of skirt. No sense of shame seizes her when the stranger gazes at her nether limbs. But should he accidentally surprise her when her hair is down or when she is without her cap, her cheek would burn with maiden blushes.

In Moslem states all good women veil their faces and would rather lose their skirts than this face covering, had they their choice between the two catastrophes. It is a common sight in Constantinople on inclement days to see these veiled creatures with their dresses pulled above their knees walking abroad. A recent envoy of the sultan accredited to Washington permitted his sister to ride a wheel in an abbreviated cycle skirt, but the public never saw her without her veil. At the Haytian legation she was permitted by her brother to partake of a luncheon and sit at table unveiled on condition that no men were invited. The waiters happened to be men, and she forthwith withdrew. In Cairo these scrupulously veiled Moslem women go down to the Nile to draw water and wade out into the river, holding their skirts about their waists. They do this without impropriety, but should they drop their veils they would be lost, and the Nile might as well swallow them and their shame.

The writer once accompanied to the theater an East Indian prince, who sat throughout the performance with his generous turban on his head. A lady behind asked that the obstacle to her view be removed, but the noble Moslem courteously declined to doff the head covering. For him to have bared his head, as he afterward explained, would in a public place have been as great a violation of modesty as for the lady behind him to have bared her feet.

In Japan the ethics of modesty are so strict that a woman's father even is forbidden to enter a building set apart as her private boudoir. But on the beach at Tokio the stranger may even see royal princesses themselves go into the water in an absolute state of nature. A prominent railway official of this country, recently commissioned to go to Japan, described to the writer his horror after appearing on the beach at Tokio in the same costume which he had habitually worn in swimming when a boy, to find the beach filled with ladies, among whom were the very daughters of his host. When he indignantly called for a bathing suit he was given the hint that such a request would be considered an insult in Japan. He darted into the water and shivered there until dark, only to find that he must return to his bath house through a space

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illuminated with paper lanterns and where his host's family were awaiting him, fearing that some untoward event had befallen him.

One of our diplomatic representatives in Japan, commissioned under a past administration, committed the indiscretion of writing to an American friend a letter in which he spoke flippantly of these conditions at the bathing beach at Tokio. The letter found its way to print, and the paper publishing it got into the hands of the Japanese government, which promptly asked for the recall of the writer.

But we need not go across seas to witness inconsistencies. "Modesty, so far as it relates to concealment of the body, is the child of climate and of fashion," says Frederick Dellenbaugh, the artist-author-ethnologist, in his new work, "The North Americans of Yesterday." "One of our own ladies thinks nothing of exhibiting her bare shoulders and bosom at the opera under the gaslight; but she would not do it in the daylight. On the beach it would also be improper, but there she is not troubled if her lower extremities are seen."

Nor do we have to leave our own continental domain to find such confirmed sansculottists as the wild Igorotes of our Philippine possessions. Our Indian bureau has been waging among its charges a crusade in favor of the hated trousers. How successful this has been we may judge from the last report of the head of that industrious branch of the government. Of our Indian population of 263,233, but 111,707 wear citizens' dress wholly; only 44,558 wear it "in part." The other

106,668 wear the native costume entirely. On the reservations some startling sartorial incongruities are to be seen. In hot weather the almost universal aboriginal costume of our red men to the south is the loin cloth. Even the Eskimos, in the frozen north, strip themselves entirely nude when entering their snow houses, and thus sit about while remaining within the lines upon the floor which separate their respective apartments from those of their neighbors.—*New York Globe*.



#### PASSING OF THE TOP BOOTS

The old-time top boot is fast disappearing from the face of the earth. Even the miners of the West, among whom a pair of ordinary shoes used to be as rare as sombreros on Broadway, are abandoning them.

Eight or ten years ago the young mining experts, fresh from the Eastern colleges, used to come into camp with hob-nailed laced boots. This style of footwear was at first scorned as the mark of the tenderfoot and dude.

Then a few miners tried laced boots just for fun, and found the fashion a sensible one. Laced boots brace the ankles for climbing, and can be taken off without bootjack. They fit more snugly all around and are less likely to chafe.

So the miners began to take them up. Now the old-time boot is rare in the mining regions.

Even the few cowboys left in the West are taking to laced boots. There was a time, in the heyday of the cow country, when a special grade of fine, high heeled, thin soled boot was manufactured solely for the cowboy trade, since cowboys were always very vain about their footwear. But with the decadence of their trade the cattlemen have lost their small vanities, and a full half of them ride in the more comfortable laced boots. So is the old top boot, once worn by most city men, vanished in its last stronghold.—*New York Sun*.



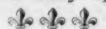
*Eminent Surgeon*—"I operated on Mr. Bullion for appendicitis to-day." His wife—"Dear me! I wonder who will have it next!" *Eminent surgeon* (absent-mindedly)—"I don't know. I haven't decided yet."—*Life*.



At a reception at Bar Harbor, the other evening, for Miss Alice Roosevelt, a young man was introduced to her. In the embarrassment of having to say something, he stammered: "Miss Roosevelt—ah—I'm very happy to meet you—I have often heard of your father."



*Fond Mother*—"Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like best to do?" *Tommy, Darling* (after a moment's reflection)—"I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked."



"My dear," said Mr. Nearsite, watching his little boy chasing a butterfly, "what is it our Tommy is trying to catch out there?" "I don't know," replied the weary mother, "he's had the measles and the mumps and nearly everything that's catching."

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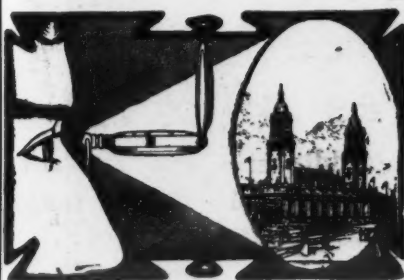
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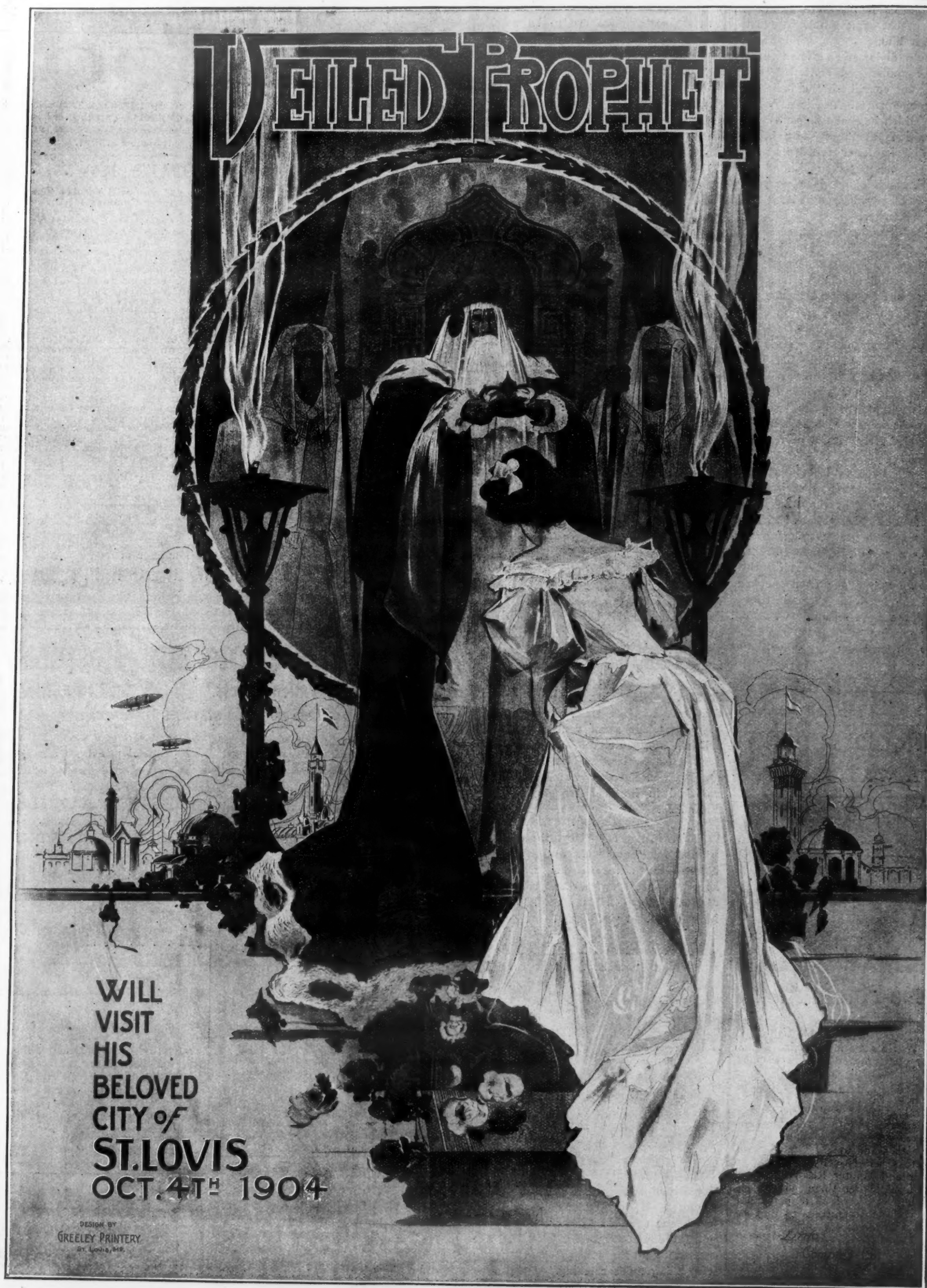
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